

September, 1935

The Liguorian



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AMONGST OURSELVES

Many letters have been received at THE LIGUORIAN offices in recent weeks, praising the work of R. J. Miller, C.Ss.R. in translating the great Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on social reconstruction. The questions and answers attached to the translation are being made the basis of study by groups and individuals. Those who are interested and who see the good that is being accomplished by these articles should try to obtain new readers for this timely material. Back numbers can be obtained from THE LIGUORIAN at 10 cents a copy.

* * *

Our attention has been kindly called to a misstatement in the Catholic Events of last month. Speaking of the Orange riots in Ireland, we connected them with the city of Dublin instead of the city of Belfast. We apologize to the Dubliners and all who are interested in having affairs in Ireland correctly reported.

* * *

We cannot refrain from calling the special attention of readers to the article in this issue: The Church in Dolman Street. It is a most interesting study of one of the Oriental rites in the celebration of Mass. . . . And to an article which will appear next month on St. Dympna, patroness of the mentally infirm, with a study of why the cultivation of such a saint is timely in this our day.

—————
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The Liguorian

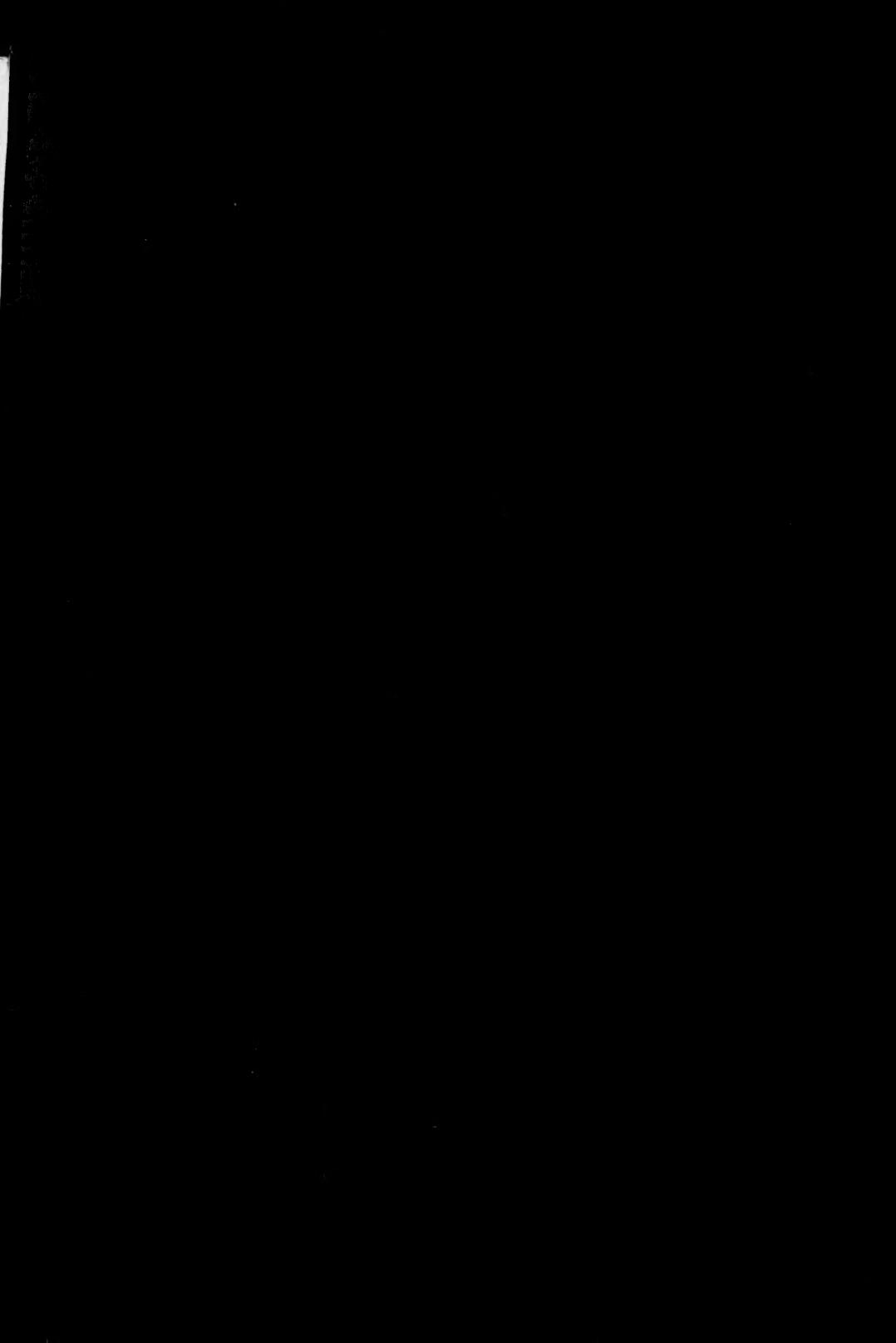
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of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No.

A PRIEST FOREVER

The organ peals had died. The chant was hushed.
Alone, within the quiet Chapel aisles,
He knelt to ponder what his eyes had seen,
To drink deep of the joy that filled his heart,
A joy beyond all telling or all words.—
His son a priest! Fulfilled at last the dreams,
Fulfilled the trembling hopes of many years.—
His boy another Christ! The Oils of Ordination
On his hands; Eternal Priesthood's Seal upon his heart;
He had ascended Sinai and returned
With dreams of Heaven shining in his eyes,
The Light of Heaven soft upon his face.
The feet that daily walk the Hills with Christ,
(Miraculous Hills of mystic Calvary),
Have come to him. The Priestly hands that touch
And daily reach into the deep Eternities,
And trembling lift the Lamb above the world,
Have lain in Benediction on his head.—
His son Another Christ! His son a Priest forever!

R. J. Hearn, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

HELPING THE DYING

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Gerald Dambach washed the blood off his hands before coming into the club room. He could just as well have tidied himself up a bit at the same time, but he didn't. 'Humans' like the limelight, and Gerald Dambach was human. Besides Delizia Hogan would be there. To have Delizia turn pale, press her hands on her heart, and cry, "Oh, Gerald!" — who could ask him to forego that? And so, except for washing the blood from his hands, this near-hero presented himself to the eager or anxious or admiring or envious eye of the club members just as he came from the accident.

. . . "You say one of them was killed instantly?"

"Yes, Nat Thorne — skull crushed. He never knew what hit him. The other Gilbert Wyndham, was conscious but in great pain. I stayed with him while they rushed for help. He died before they got back."

"Nat Thorne and Gilbert Wyndham?" Richard Ranaghan meditated a moment. "I don't believe I knew either of them."

"You hardly would. But Raab here must remember them. Don't you Benny?"

"I cannot say that I do," Bernard Raab rejoined. "Where did they work?"

"Down at the Water Street plant."

"Oh, now I place them. Wyndham was a stocky, sandy-haired young fellow, wasn't he? And Thorne was chief engineer."

Father Casey was interested in something infinitely more important, the welfare of their immortal souls. "Were they Catholics, Jerry?" he asked.

"No, Father. Thorne had some connection — a rather loose and flexible connection with Presbyterianism. Wyndham used to say he belonged to the 'Big Church.' By that he meant the vast multitude who have no religion at all."

"And you? — What did you do to help him die in the grace of God?"

"I asked him didn't he want to become a Catholic. He said: 'Hell, no, Jerry. How could I become a Catholic now? Don't you see I'm going west?' Then he looked at me so kind of funny like: 'You Catholics — are — lucky. But I wasn't brought up like you.' "

"And what did you do? What did you say?"

"I did not know what to do or say. So I dropped religion and talked to him about his folks until he drifted off into unconsciousness. He never woke up again."

"You did not know what to do or say! ! !" Father Casey cried. "And the man dying! You should know. All of you should know. The eternal salvation or damnation of a soul was at stake. You should know."

"The only thing I should know to do would be to get a priest," Stephen Tighe interrupted. "I'd burn up the road — "

"But I tell you, Steve, there was no time to get a priest," Dambach defended himself. "And he said he did not want to become a Catholic."

"But it was clear he had nothing against our religion."

"Nothing in the world. It really sounded like he wished to become a Catholic, only he knew he couldn't — it was too late."

"It was not too late," the priest protested. "And if you had been better instructed in your duty, Gerald, he would have died a Catholic. Even as it was, his sentiments seem to have been very, very much like those of the repentant thief. We hope God gave him the grace of humble, loving sorrow in his last moments and thus saved him from eternal death. He may be in purgatory with nobody to pray for him except us. We must not fail him."

Apparently that was all the priest had to say. The young people however were far from satisfied. Almost with one voice they urged him to continue and to tell them what they should do for a dying person when it was impossible to get a priest or doubtful whether the priest would arrive in time.

"What's the use of telling you?" Father Casey demanded. "You were told a dozen times in catechism class; and what good did it do you?"

"I never paid attention then," Gaby Flanders confessed. "But I will pay attention now — with the picture before my mind of the poor fellow dying just a half hour ago — and now judged and maybe lost forever. I will pay attention now."

"Very well, then," said Father Casey. "Suppose the dying person is a child not more than six or seven years old and never baptized — "

"Baptize him," they all replied at once.

"Suppose the parents are not Catholics?"

"Makes no difference. Baptize him any way. Since he is dying, there is no longer a question as to whether or not he will be brought up a Catholic."

"Suppose the parents do not want him baptized?"

"Even his parents have no right to keep him out of heaven. Try to find an opportunity to baptize him when they are not looking. It takes only ten seconds."

Father Casey kept up his supposing: "Suppose you do not know whether or not the child has been baptized?"

They were not quite so sure of the answer to that one.

"Don't you see," the priest continued, "if the child has not been baptized, he can never see God in heaven. You surely do not want to take that dreadful risk, do you? Therefore baptize him conditionally."

"How do you do that, Father? Baptize conditionally?"

"Simply say: 'If you are capable of being baptized, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' If the child was never baptized, your baptism takes effect, and another redeemed soul is ready to enter heaven. If the child had already been validly baptized, then he is not 'capable' of being baptized again, and you do not intend to confer the sacrament."

Gerald Dambach felt it was time for him to do some supposing. "Suppose, Father, the dying person is an adult, like my case today? Or at least one who has reached the age of reason?"

"Do you mean a Catholic or a non-Catholic?"

"Oh, I should know what to do for a Catholic," Gaby Flanders spluttered, "help him to make acts of faith, hope, love, and above all perfect contrition. If he could not talk, say them for him, so he could repeat them in his heart. Then say, 'Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, help me in my last agony.' 'Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may my soul pass away in peace with you.' And keep on saying aspirations like that until he dies."

"Well done, Gabriella! That is exactly what you should do for a dying Catholic. Now we take the case of a dying non-Catholic. He may be conscious or unconscious. If he is unconscious and has probably never been validly baptized, but has, in one way or another, manifested the desire of being baptized some day, you should baptize him conditionally: 'If you are capable of being baptized, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' If he has

really had the desire and has never retracted it, he *is* capable, and therefore the Baptism is valid."

"Will Baptism take away his sins, Father, even though he be unconscious?"

"Yes, provided he had at least imperfect contrition for them before he lost consciousness. And it ought not be so hard for one to have at least imperfect contrition, with death staring him in the face."

"But suppose the dying non-Catholic is conscious, Father?"

"Ah, then your task is more complicated; also your chances of saving a soul are much greater."

"What should we do?"

"If he is favorably inclined towards the Church, ask him if he wouldn't like to die a Catholic. Then tell him briefly the most necessary truths. Have him say he believes those truths and all the other truths taught by the Catholic Church because God has revealed them, and help him to make acts of faith, hope, love, and contrition."

"But, Father if he is like so many people nowadays, with all kinds of crazy notions concerning the Church, he will say, no, he doesn't want to be a Catholic. Of course if he knew what the Church really is —"

"Then don't start an argument. If his ignorance is not his own fault, God will not hold him responsible for it. The urgent and crying need in these few last, precious, decisive moments is for him to have faith— explicit faith in the most necessary truths, implicit faith in the others, to love God and trust in Him, and to repent of his sins for the love of God, in other words to make an act of perfect contrition."

"How could we help him to do all that?"

"Enumerate briefly the most necessary revealed truths. Say: God himself has made known these truths. He wants us all to accept His word. You believe them, do you not? And you accept also all the other truths He has revealed, even though you do not know exactly what they are? And you love God, the great, holy, powerful, merciful, loving God. And you are sincerely sorry for anything you have ever done to offend Him. And now you put yourself entirely in His hands and trust that, in His mercy and goodness, He will pardon and save you. Whatever time remains, continue to suggest good sentiments and aspirations to the dying man—love for Jesus in His Passion, confidence in our Blessed Mother Mary, and the like."

"Father, half-a-dozen times already you have mentioned 'the most necessary revealed truths.' Which are they?"

"That there is one God, the Creator of all things — that He rewards the good in heaven and punishes the wicked in hell — that this one, only God is three in person, the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost — that God the Son became man by the action of the Holy Ghost, was born of the Virgin Mary, suffered and died to save us."

"There are four truths:" Gabriella Flanders told them off on her fingers. "One God, the Creator — He rewards the good and punishes the wicked — He is three in person — God, the Second Person, became man and died for us."

"Correct," said the priest. "Let all of you write them down and impress them on your memory so that you will never forget them — the four truths and you must explicitly and distinctly repeat to a dying man."

"But, Father, mustn't he be baptized?"

"To be sure. If he was never validly baptized, you must baptize him. But, different from the unconscious man, he must have the intention of receiving Baptism now. An intention he had a long time ago is not enough. Tell him God wants it, and he will consent, and his sins will be washed away. On the other hand, if he has been already baptized, the acts of perfect contrition you helped him to make will take away his sins, and he will be saved."

"Oh, Father, I am so glad you showed us the other day that God will always help anybody — anybody that has a good will — to make an act of perfect contrition. I used to think that only the holiest people could do that. Now, I shan't be afraid to die. God is so good, isn't he, Father?" said Gabriella Flanders.

HOW TO GIVE

A benevolent man once discovered that a family was in great distress. He handed his clerk twenty-five dollars and said:

"Give it to them in a way becoming their standing; do it ingeniously, graciously, but do not mention the giver."

The clerk said: "Yes, I will do it the first thing in the morning."

"No," answered the benefactor. "Do it tonight. Who knows the importance to those sad hearts of a night's sleep unhaunted by the worry of want?"

A Mother Comes Home

D. J. Corrigan C.Ss.R.

Foreword: When a famous convert enters the Church, it is usually amid a fanfare of publicity, which glorifies the fact and elucidates the motive. Yearly, however, there are thousands of less important individuals who find their way to light and grace with neither flourish nor acclaim; yet there is quite frequently an interesting and salutary story connected with each. In the following the author has set forth the facts as they actually occurred, saving his privilege of using fictitious names.

* * *

It was by no freak of fortune that Father Branegan had become acquainted with the Haslin family. In the academy he had taught the two oldest girls, Gertrude and Genevieve; besides he had happened to have business with the people next door.

Almost from the first Mrs. Haslin seemed to take a liking to him. Later on she was to say that "he was the only Catholic Priest she would ever think of setting down in the kitchen for a sandwich and a glass of lemonade." The good Father, on his part, did not mind coming, for he was as fond of her cookies as of the warm welcome that always met him at the door. Then, too, he felt there a bit of the happy home life that he had lost in the long ago. In addition, he entertained a growing hope that someday he might make a convert of this lady, who, though a good old-fashioned Mother of an exemplary Catholic family, did not herself belong to the Fold.

"Surely," thought he, "here, at least, all my grievances against mixed marriages are gone to smash."

Yet one day he was almost taken off his feet. "When my children grow up, I don't want them to marry non-Catholics."

"You don't?" he inquired dubiously.

"No. I've seen too much."

His Reverence wanted to say, "But your own marriage —" Sometimes it is more prudent to keep one's mouth shut.

She continued: "I go to Mass almost every Sunday now. In the beginning I didn't. I used to sit by the window and cry when Daddy would go off to church with the children."

"But didn't you ever have any religion?"

"Oh, I belonged to the Christian Church when we were married. But I soon saw that it wouldn't work; so I gave it up. I had signed those promises to raise my children Catholic and finally my minister came up here one day to tell me I was doing wrong. That was the last time I ever went to his church."

It is somewhat unusual these days, and perhaps for that reason wholesome, to come upon a home whose one absorbing interest is the future of its little ones. The Haslins were what God intended a family to be—a little universe all to themselves, being in the world, yet out of the world. Just now there was a serious problem: the two oldest girls were leaving, while Bill was about to enter, high school. What was to be done with them next?

Then this from the non-Catholic Mother: "Father, I want them all to keep going to Catholic schools. But Gertrude wishes to take a course which is not offered by any Catholic College near here. I'd hate to see her go to a State school."

During the next year Father Branegan was kept busy settling domestic problems. Would that all Catholic families were half as willing to consult a Priest! And always the good lady without any prodding came around to the topic of Religion.

"Sunday afternoon I met our Pastor on the street. 'Say, Mrs. Haslin,' he said, 'I didn't see you at Mass this morning.' 'No,' I answered, 'I did not go.' 'You'd better be careful,' he replied. 'You will be losing what little faith you have left.' I thought that was pretty good," she laughed.

A few weeks later little Margaret, the youngest, had to be hurried away to the hospital with an inflamed appendix. Thus for a time the chairs of the Haslin household had to do without their daily dusting and the family gatherings around the big dining table were rather irregular; for the Mother would not leave the bedside of her little one. But with the blessing of God all turned out well, the lady's carefree smile returned, and Margaret came home to recuperate.

It was during this time that Father Branegan dropped in to see the little patient. She had made her first Holy Communion not long before. The Mother went over to a bedroom bureau and came back with a rosary.

"Father, will you bless this rosary for me?"

"Is it yours?"

"Yes. My husband gave it to me about twenty years ago. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Well," replied the priest, "I'll bless it, and Margaret here is offering up all her sickness that you will soon be able to use it as a Catholic, aren't you, Margaret?"

"Yes, Father."

Father Branegan did not look up; neither did the Mother speak. But what betokens the worth and inclination of a woman's heart better than the glistening jewel of a tear drop?

A few days after Christmas that year the Father received the following note:

December 28, 1933.

Dear Reverend Father:

Could you have dinner with us on New Year's night? I have some dear friends, all non-Catholics, whom I would like to have you meet. I think that you will be able to make Catholics of them.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Haslin.

"I think that you will be able to make Catholics of them," pondered the good Father, "but how about herself?"

Soon after he wrote to Gertrude, who was away at school: "Your Mother should be a Catholic. She thinks Catholic thoughts and lives a Catholic life. Do you know of anything that is holding her back? What I want you to do is pray very fervently for her every day, and we'll see whether we cannot bring her into the fold."

Significant was it that Mr. Haslin and the children had never urged her to take baptism. All they did was live their Faith each moment of their lives.

At times the good lady would all but broach the subject of her instruction to Father Branegan.

"But what can you expect of me, Father? I am the pagan of the family. *I could never be good enough to be a Catholic.*"

"Why, look at those children. They have been studying their religion all their lives. I could never learn enough to become a Catholic."

"Lady," mused the priest, not aloud, "Would that all Catholics knew as much about their Faith as you do now. Why, you helped these children with their catechism!"

The beautiful months of Missouri springtime came on, until May

had all but slipped into June. Once again Father Branegan had stopped for a few moments with his friends.

"I went to the telephone today, Father, to make a call. Maybe I shouldn't have done it, but there was such an interesting conversation going on that I could not help listening. A young non-Catholic bride was calling up her Mother, asking permission to become a Catholic.

'What do you want to become a Catholic for?' asked the Mother. 'Your husband has talked you into this.' 'No, he didn't,' answered the girl. 'I've decided it is the only true religion.' 'All those priests want is money.' 'That is not true,' replied the girl. 'I have been in a Catholic church many times and I haven't noticed it.' Then the Mother began to curse and swear at her, and the girl began to cry, and I felt so sorry for her that I began to cry, too."

That was almost too much for the Priest. Two weeks later he went to his telephone and the following conversation took place:

Father B.: "Is that you, Mrs. Haslin? How are you and everybody?"

Mrs. H.: "Fine. And how is yourself?"

Father B.: "As good as ever. Now get ready for a shock."

Mrs. H.: "I'm all ready."

Father B.: "I've been thinking it over and I have finally decided that all you need to become a Catholic is a push. Now, isn't it true that you really wish that someone would take and make a Catholic of you?"

Mrs. H.: "I have been thinking a lot about it lately, Father."

Father B.: "I know that you have been. From what I have seen of you, Mrs. Haslin, I know one thing for certain: that you will be a Catholic before you die. But it will be a shame if you wait too long. Why not become one now, while your children are still with you and you can all know that happiness of being Catholics together?"

Mrs. H., after a pause: "You did take the breath out of me, Father. I have been thinking of it so much; but then it seems an almost impossible task for me to begin instructions. Maybe it will be better as you say. I remember that when the children were all small and they had to have their tonsils removed, we kept putting it off because of the pain they would have to suffer. Finally one day our family doctor appeared at the house and said, 'Have those children down at the hospital at ten o'clock in the morning.' Well, we had them there at that time, and soon it was all over. We have always been glad of it since."

Summer passed, and so did the golden month of September and part of October. As Mrs. Haslin kept off the topic of her instruction, Father Branegan began to feel that he had perpetrated a faux pas. Then one day there came a letter.

October, 15, 1934.

Dear Reverend Father:

Will you please pray for Bill? We just had to take him off to the hospital for an operation.

I wanted to tell you before that two weeks ago I began to take instructions over at the church. A little bride was beginning them, and I thought it a good opportunity for me. No one in the family knows of this. I am afraid now, however, that with all this trouble I'll have to give them up.

*Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Haslin.*

October 16, 1934.

My dear Mrs. Haslin:

I am sorry to hear about Bill, and you may be sure that I will remember him in my Masses and prayers.

I was overjoyed to learn that you had begun your instructions. One thing is certain now. You must not let anything keep you from completing them. After Bill is well again, you can resume your instructions, and then about Christmas time you can invite the family to your Baptism. I know of nothing that will be a more joyful Christmas present for them than that.

*God bless you,
Father Branegan.*

December 22, 1934.

Dear Reverend Father:

I am writing to tell you that my baptism will take place on the day before Christmas at two o'clock in the afternoon. Could you arrange to be present? If not, I hope surely that you will be able to come for our Christmas dinner.

My husband and children knew nothing of it until yesterday. Now I wonder, could my boy be my godfather and my three girls my godmothers?

*Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Haslin.*

That Christmas Day — oh, it was a happy day for the Haslins. As a group they had always been Catholic at heart; but now for the first time they were united in that Priceless Gift which cements and sanctifies and gladdens — Holy Communion. Father Branegan had been unable to attend the baptismal ceremony; later he learned that the three girls had had to be content to draw straws for the honor of spiritual Motherhood to their Mother.

March 12, 1935.

Dear Reverend Father:

. . . . I am keeping Lent, going to six o'clock Mass and Holy Communion daily, also fasting. I find the fasting very hard, especially on the days that I wash and iron.

Pray for me and mine, Father, that we may all do the right thing, especially for the children.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Haslin.

April 15, 1935.

Dear Reverend Father:

. . . . Mother seems so happy, now that she is a Catholic. Do you remember when you asked me to pray that she might become one? It used to be that we had to give her the good example, but now she puts us all to shame, so faithful is she in every little thing.

Gertrude.

"Well, how is the Catholic today? Did you go to Mass this morning?"

With a bright smile she replied to the Priest: "I go to the earliest Masses now, before the others are up. At first we all went together, but then there would be one on the right side and another on the left and they would be constantly looking over my shoulder and setting me right with my Missal. It was too embarrassing. Now I go to the early Mass, and get right in front of one of the pillars and feel as though I have the whole Mass to myself."

—
Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane;
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

Hymn at None, tr. by Newman.

Church In Dolman Street

W. T. CULLEN, C.Ss.R.

If you are walking in Dolman Street of a Sunday morning in the town of old St. Louis and you come to an ancient brick church with a spindly Russian cross atop, step in and draw the curtains of the Old World behind you. For this is a part of the East.

The day may be glow of Missouri's to it — and that is — but within you cool and dark, the altar looming white with its triple cross and lit tapers, a blue haze of incense lingering in the air.

This delightful description of a Mass celebrated according to one of the Oriental rites will please all who are interested in the Liturgy, and will be a source of new information for many.

bright with the summer woven in—saying a great deal will find the church

The whole atmosphere, of course, seems a bit strange at first — not at all uncanny or bizarre, mind you — simply strange, with the men arranged over to the right and the women at the left, everyone intent on his or her devotions, crossing and recrossing themselves, reading out of mighty prayerbooks. People come in for service, reverencing near the altar where a little stand is placed with ikons, crucifix, and candles. On the walls, as you take an inspection of matters, you see no Stations —only here and there saints wearing queer vesture; among the windows even you look in vain for letterings or designs boasting any degree of familiarity.

And then a bell tinkles somewhere and from the inner recesses comes a priest. He is enveloped in great flowing vestments, — great, gold cuffs at his wrists, — a great, broad, stole hanging from his neck. Before you give him much of a survey he has travelled all about the chancel, praying half aloud and incensing profusely, — incensing the sanctuary, behind the altar, the holy images, — incensing to the four corners, — incensing the people, bowing as he goes in amongst them and they bow in return. When he comes again to the altar he evidently begins the real service, signing himself with the sign of the Cross and singing in a language to which you do not lay pretense of knowledge.

You may be inclined to view these proceedings with somewhat of surprise. Perhaps, if your conscience is at all aroused, you may wonder if your presence here is altogether warranted. You might even glance around a trifle — well, furtively.

Haply, there is an old gentleman seated near you probably noticing that you are a stranger, and being acquainted with the symptoms he leans over to inquire if you would care to follow the service from his prayerbook. He presents same and on the title-page you discover: The Divine Liturgy of our Father among the Saints, John Chrysostom, — in itself of course not very enlightening. But the little book, you find, contains (in English to be sure) an intelligent account of the service held at this strange church. The Holy Liturgy they call it, which is another name for Mass. And the book follows it through, prayer for prayer, from beginning to end, assuring you too that though different, everything here is right and proper: these people are truly Catholic and their service is a true Mass. Your orthodoxy experiences a sense of relief.

Meanwhile the priest and his choir sing the opening prayers; the chanting you will admit to be beautiful, broken by quiet orations; the music sweet and rich, sung without organ accompaniment, differing from the customary church music you have heard.

Miron hospodu . . . says the priest in his Introit, . . . *In peace let us pray to the Lord.*

This is called Great Ektenia, which means litany; and litany, of a truth, it is, with its prayers for all the world, — for peace from on high, — for those in faith and reverence there present. It intercedes for the Supreme Pastor in Rome, — the priesthood in Christ, — the government of peoples, — the abundance of the earth. And to each petition the great choir adds its response:

Lord, have mercy . . . Hospodi pomiluj.

You notice that the people about you follow the chanting in under-tone. Perhaps many of them are not too highly educated and yet they know the Mass prayers by heart, which, you may reflect, should be a trait commendable to all Catholics.

Come. Let us adore and bow down to Christ. . . . Prijdite poklonimsja . . .

The priest attracts your greatest attention with his strange rites and gestures, lifting his hands to heaven, — going around about the altar time and again, — turning to the people with the blessing of peace: *Mir vsim . . . Peace to you.*

Sometimes he leaves the sanctuary and goes out of sight as John in the desert, hidden from men, while choir and laymen take up the

service. And singing the invitatories at the Gospel, he and his attendants carry the great book of Evangelists to the lectern while he commands all to rise and hear the words of Christ: *Premudrost' prosti*, he chants, — — *Wisdom, let us stand. Vonmin . . . Let us attend.* You hear the Gospel sung in a language archaic as Chaucer yet understood of all about you.

After the Gospel you find things tedious for a while unless you happen to know the vernacular, for this is the customary time of the sermon, and the sermon, of course, is in the tongue of those present. So during the while, as the priest climbs into the pulpit and with a pious bow opens his homily, you delve further into the information of the old gentleman's little book.

It tells you among other things that you are hearing Mass in one of the Eastern rites — says that at present you are in a Ukrainian Greek Catholic church where the rite is used — claims that over five hundred thousand Catholics in the United States hear Mass just this way every Sunday. — Ukrainians, Slovaks, Hungarians, even some Poles. (These people are generally called Greek Catholics although they are not Greeks at all, no more than a Roman Catholic is necessarily a Roman.)

Perhaps you had thought that Mass was the same the world over, and now you come into a church seemingly Catholic and see a service such as this. The book explains. Mass is everywhere the same sacrifice, but it may be said differently in different places. For instance, all Masses are not in Latin, — in some localities other languages are used. Neither are all Masses said in the same manner, — there are seventeen different ways of celebrating, each called a rite. In the United States we generally see the Roman rite.

If you want to know how this difference came about, the story is something like this. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago when travel was not what it is today and the Christian peoples were scattered in the West or the East, in the big cities and through their vicinities special prayers and ceremonies for Mass came gradually into use. One differed from the other but each kept mainly to one of two languages — Latin or Greek, though of course there were places, too, that followed more ancient tongues. Even as the years went by one place knew little, for lack of communication, of customs in the other.

It happened that missionaries who went out preaching generally said Mass in one of these two ways — the Western which was Latin or

the Eastern which held to the Greek, and the countries they converted followed them respectively.

Now most of Catholic Europe adopted the Western (Latin) rite, excepting some of the Slavic peoples. Two holy priests, Cyril and his brother, Methodius, went into the Slav countries about 868, converted and taught them the ways of the Easterners, and have left them to this day with the Eastern Mass in their own tongue; — at least this holds true for many of them, notably the Ukrainians.

. . . *Let us say with all our souls, with all our hearts let us say — Hospodi pomiluj — Lord, have mercy.* You find the sermon ended and chanting going forward on all sides. From somewhere comes a procession of priest and attendants and lights and incense, all escorting the Holy Gifts to the altar — the bread and wine for the sacrifice. Amid the general bowing and reverence your neighbor informs you that this is the Great Entrance.

Taken in itself or by contrast this Eastern rite has a beautiful pageantry grown now to be exclusively its own; and one who wrote about such things — Fortescue, an English priest since dead, — said he wondered if the Latin world, meaning ourselves, gained or lost by dispensing with it.

An altar lad of ten or twelve comes down among the people to sing the Creed: *I believe in one God — Viruju v jedinaho Bohu*, and while the congregation follow softly to themselves you have the feeling that this is more than mere ceremony to these folk; truly, could you know it, this is an heritage they have bought at the price of persecution and oppression — and long years, too, of misunderstanding.

Let us stand well, sings the priest as he nears the Consecration, — *stanym dobrý*, — *let us stand with fear*.

In the Roman Catholic church at this supreme moment everything is done in quiet — the sacred words are spoken secretly — the priest, the people, the choir silent. But here it is otherwise. First the Holy, Holy, Holy is intoned, then a few moments of solemn silence, then the priest raises his voice and slowly, gravely chants the consecration: *Prijmíte, jadíte — Take, eat, this is My body*.

The bells peal out as he makes a profound reverence, the people bow, and again a silence. *Pijte*, he sings, *ot neja vši. Drink ye all of this, this is My blood*.

Much chanting now, mementoes and litanies, bowings and incense,

and a second lad appears taking up the Our Father which the priest is soon to commence. And on the Our Father follows the elevation.

You may notice that the congregation here seldom genuflect. They stand or sit or kneel, at times they bow, blessing themselves in their own fashion — right to left, — but not genuflecting. And after the consecration the priest often bows deeply but still he refrains from genuflecting. However at communion time their reverence supplies all seeming deficiency. The faithful go up kneeling time and again till they reach the platform — there is no altar rail — and when the priest turns to them with the sacred chalice they almost prostrate themselves. *Approach*, he sings, *with fear of God and with faith*. Then he goes forward with chalice and spoon and cloth, dipping from the chalice the sacred Body and Blood to each communicant; for in this rite the layfolk receive both the consecrated Bread and the consecrated Wine. And at the finish the priest raises the chalice over all and blesses them, after which he cleanses the holy vessels and bears them quietly away. The services are nearing the end. *Let us go in peace*, the priest sings, standing out in the sanctuary. *Christ, our true God, have mercy on us*. The dismissal — Mass has finished.

And so you rise to go, returning the old gentleman his book and thanking him. And in a moment you are back again in the New World, though you find the old gentleman accompanying you as you step out from the dark, incense-laden church into the sunlight and shadow of Dolman Street. Quite a few are remaining within, and he explains that Vespers follow immediately.

This nearer acquaintance proves the old man to be a kindly old fellow, speaking English well, dressed well and neatly; inquiring at present if this is your first visit to a Ukrainian church, he is pleased to learn of your interest. He has an immense pride, you can see, in this rite to which he belongs, assuring you that his people are staunch Catholics and loyal to their own rite, and that many like himself come a great distance every Sunday to attend Mass here.

He is from the Ukraina, he tells you, a land in the south center of Europe, in between Russia and Poland; and a time was when nearly all his people were Catholic, but in the course of centuries the Russian czars swooped down and dragged thousands of Ukrainians from the True Church and only in after years have a number found their way back again. Today they are known as Uniates — united to the Church of Rome.

He says, on your inquiry, that their churches are in many parts of the United States, some — distinct — built in true Eastern fashion as the churches of the homeland; some but humble little chapels or converted meeting-houses without any proper style or adornment. And too, he adds, because their priests here are few and scattered the beautiful Eastern services are not as often seen in this country as in Europe; but there in the great Uniate churches of the homeland their Liturgy is celebrated in its full solemnity and splendor.

You ask how his people fare in this country and he answers that they have many difficulties, — often not understood, — at times regarded with indifference or suspicion, — sometimes held askance by misinformed or misguided Catholics. And all because their church customs and language differ both by right and precedent from those of their neighbor. Now and then opposition comes whence it should be least expected.

But the differences, he says, are beginning to disappear. It is dawning on many that the Uniate peoples for all their strange rites and customs are as good Catholics as any others, — and that the Catholic Church is big enough and her discipline wide enough to contain all nations and to sanction any rational practice.

And so you leave the church in Dolman Street and the old Uniate who holds for its faith and its rite and traditions. When you come again you will not come as a stranger because you now know that these are your people also — children of the same Mother Church. You will not feel lost amidst their ceremonies and chants because their ritual is that of the Holy Sacrifice, and their prayers are our own, changed only in language and form though not in sentiment.

You find yourself hoping as the old man hopes — and as thousands of Uniates and other Catholics hope — and as our Holy Father Pius XI hopes — that the greatest bond of unity and charity will spring up throughout the world and especially in America between these of the Eastern rites and our own people. And one result of this may be that separated brethren still sitting in the shadow of the valley of death, reluctant to approach the Fold, will be encouraged at the treatment accorded these, and the dissident millions of these rites will in God's own time abjure their differences to enter the True Church of Christ where, as was the ideal of the Apostle of the Peoples, there is neither Roman nor Greek, — gentile nor Jew. But Christ is all, and in all.

Romance Among the Saints

THE HUMAN LOVE OF JADWIGA OF POLAND

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

(Continued)

The death of Jadwiga's father turned the whole current of her life. By the intrigues of her mother, Maria was almost immediately put on the throne of Hungary. That meant that the crown of Poland would pass to Jadwiga, if she were satisfied to abide by the simple terms of the Polish magnates — to reside in Poland. But before she could claim the crown untold sorrow flooded the girl's soul.

The magnates of Poland were by no means agreed to give the crown to the daughter of Louis. One faction wanted Prince Ziemovit — a turbulent young prince of Masovia. His intention was to marry Jadwiga, whose husband was to be King of Poland. Maria's betrothed, Sigismund, would not give up his hopes of possessing Poland. Civil war was the result and for two years Jadwiga, living with her mother, sadly awaited the turn of events. Queen Elizabeth, Jadwiga's mother, promised that Jadwiga would come to Poland by Easter, 1383. A veritable drama now followed.

After long delays caused by her mother's fears for her (she was only eleven years old at the time) at last Jadwiga was able to set out in company of her mother and a brilliant cortège of Hungarian magnates for Poland. She was to be met at Soucz by an embassy of Polish crown magnates.

Jadwiga, no doubt, as she rode on her palfrey or in the royal palanquin, dreamed of her lover, Prince Wilhelm, and the throne they would share.

Meanwhile another cavalcade of 500 spearmen was approaching. It was led by Prince Ziemovit — in disguise. He planned to kidnap Jadwiga, marry her and rule Poland by her side as king. But the plot leaked out and the Queen-mother determined to return to Hungary in haste with Jadwiga. She sent some of her magnates to Soucz to announce that the spring rains had flooded the roads in the mountains and made it impossible for Jadwiga to continue the dangerous journey. The Polish nobles therefore must come to Hungary to settle on a later date for the coronation.

Thus closed the first attempt of Jadwiga to take up her inheritance.

The saddest part of all was that while she was dreaming of a happy future with Wilhelm her affianced, the Polish magnates were sternly opposed. They knew that the infant bridal contract was not binding. They would not have Wilhelm to rule over Poland; they were determined to choose a husband for her who would be their king.

SCENE II. GOLDEN DREAMS

Then followed two years of intrigue in which Jadwiga's mother, almost heartlessly, played her own schemes against her daughter's happiness. She held Jadwiga in Hungary as long as possible. But at last the Polish magnates wearied of the affair and the resultant disorder in the land, sent an ultimatum. So in October 1384, Jadwiga was able to start once more for Poland. This time her mother did not accompany her. Jadwiga was under the care of the venerable and universally respected Cardinal Archbishop Demetrius. We quote from M. M. Gardner's Queen Jadwiga of Poland the description of the young queen's cortege.

"It was in the begining of October that the little queen started on her journey, under the escort of the Archbishop and another Hungarian bishop, and attended by a retinue of Hungarian nobles. The splendid procession rode through the Carpathians that barricaded Poland from Hungary. Autumn having set in, snow already lay on the mountain-tops. The passing of the Queen on which the montains looked down was a gorgeous spectacle. The colors worn by her escort lent brilliance to the landscape. The spears and armor of the guard flashed back to the sun. In the van rode troops of Hungarian and Polish knights: those Polish horsemen who, at a later date, were to be among the finest cavalry in Europe. Their flags streamed to the winds. Immediately behind them rode a cross-bearer carrying uplifted a golden cross, preceding the Cardinal in his crimson, and his companion prelate in purple robes. Pages, beautiful, fair-haired, in garments that we are told "dripped with gold," on the breasts of which were worked the arms of Hungary and Poland, led the richly caparisoned palfrey on which sat the Queen in all the radiance of her beauty, or surrounded the palanquin adorned with gold and supported by Turkish grooms, in which she rested when tired of riding. She herself wore a magnificent robe embroidered all over with the golden lilies of Anjou. A bevy of matrons and girls, her ladies of honour, followed the Queen's palfrey. The rear of the procession was taken up by a long string of wagons, carry-

ing the magnificent royal outfit and the baggage of the court. So they went through the mountains and down into the plains, through fertile country, past vineyards, orchards and green forest lands. Here and there a grim castle stood out in the landscape, flying the banner of the family which held it: or, again, the walls of a convent arose before Jadwiga's eyes. Every church they passed pealed their bells to welcome the Queen. Processions came out to meet her, carrying crosses and relics of the saints. As she neared Cracow the Polish officers of State rode up with clashing swords, and swelled the procession. If certain of these haughty lords had had no mind to swear allegiance to a woman, they were so carried away by admiration for the girl they saw that, says the chronicler, forgetful that they were men they were not ashamed of paying the most humble obedience to so noble and virtuous a woman. The factions and fighting that had rent the country for two years now died down at the approach of her who came to bring the blessings of peace and prosperity to the land."

Those must have been happy days for Jadwiga. She was young (only 13 at the time) as we view it today — for the two ventures she was facing: a throne and marriage. But in that epoch girls developed early and she was already a queen, brought up as a queen as long as she could remember and she was already capable of passionate love. Moreover, she was mature for her years — tall and stately, above the average of her sex. Tradition tells of her incomparable beauty.

We quote again from Monica Gardner's narrative:

"The journey proceeded: and at the end of October the beautiful city of Cracow, then the capital of Poland, lay across the plains before Jadwiga's gaze. Its towers and spires, for it was a city of churches then as it is now, and was called a second Rome, soared above the Vistula. Jadwiga saw the walls of the royal castle which we call old, but which in her day was new, dominating the Vavel hill, overhanging the river. The cavalcade reached the gate, and halted. The Queen was handed the keys of the city on a golden platter. She entered the town. Every living soul thronged the streets, which presented a riot of color to the Queen's eyes as she passed through. Processions of the clergy in their robes, of the nobles in rich and gorgeous silks girded with silver belts from which hung short swords, and wearing high peaked velvet caps, and of the burghers and the guilds, poured forth to welcome the Queen. Each procession carried banners; and as the Queen

approached every flag dipped with the sound of the wind. The guilds, that characteristic feature of the Middle Ages, walked each under their own banner, emblazoned with the representation of their patron saint: the painter carried the figure of St. Luke, the carpenters St. Joseph, the potters Adam and Eve—a delicate allusion to the clay whereof we are made—and so on. Trumpets, flutes, and pipes made shrill music, and girls dressed in white greeted the Queen, singing. Lanterns swung from every house. All those taking part in the processions carried torches. Bonfires lit up the streets, and all the bells of the city clashed and pealed. Jugglers and acrobats played antics and cut capers as the royal procession went by, partly because it was the custom of the day, but in this instance more by way of amusing the very youthful queen. Jadwiga was escorted thus up the Vavel hill to the cathedral on the summit, close to the royal palace. Outside the cathedral the clergy met her, carrying relics, and then conducted her into the great church, the Westminster Abbey of Poland, the burial place of her kings, where Jadwiga herself was to find her sepulchre. She knelt and prayed before the High Altar, then rose and laid her offerings upon it. Having paid her devotions to the tomb of the martyr bishop, St. Stanislas, whose body lay in the cathedral, as it does still, she was led into the noble fortress palace that towers on the cliff over the plain washed by the Vistula and framed in the distance by the Carpathians. This was now Jadwiga's home. Its walls were to be the witness of the tears which none ever saw; of the prayers that no human ear heard, which gave her strength to bear the burden which, unknown to herself, was soon to descend upon her."

Two days later, amid a splendor that was hardly short of overwhelming, Jadwiga was crowned in the cathedral of Cracow. And still the brightest glory of that day was her dream of love. Dignified as she was in her outward bearing, she was still a girl at heart—a girl full of gaiety, delighting in dance and song. She seemed to be made for joy—it seemed now to be within her grasp.

Yet, as her biographer says, "it was not by joy that she reached the inner life of Christ" which grew more and more and won her the crown of a saint. This was etched upon her soul by trial and pain—and it lay just beyond Thabor. On the day of her crowning, however, she had not the faintest idea of it.

ACT II. SCENE I. THE QUESTION

Scarcely was the girl-queen crowned, when the counsellors of state took up the burning question of her marriage. They were not in the least concerned with her heart; they were guided only by policy — and their choice was really a masterpiece of policy: Jadwiga must marry Jagiello, the Grand Duke of Lithuania. Thus would two neighboring states be united — a barrier be formed against the Teutonic Order on the west and against Russia on the east — and probably a new country be brought to the Faith — for Lithuania was still heathen.

Jagiello seized upon the proposal. He sent an embassy headed by his own brother, Skirgrillo, to ask for Jadwiga's hand. This was his message:

"Already many of the Christian emperors and princes have striven to conclude an alliance of lifelong kinship with the Grand Duke of Lithuania, Jagiello, the son of Olgierd. It is to the person of your royal Majesty that Almighty God has reserved the attainment of this design. Therefore, out of respect to so salutary an ordinance of the hidden decrees of God, may your royal Majesty deign to accept the aforesaid Grand Duke of Lithuania for your husband.

"For, when this desired object shall be accomplished, there will result in great abundance the glory of God, profit for souls, earthly honor and power for the kingdom. The Grand Duke Jagiello, together with all those of his brothers not yet baptized, also together with all the nobility and inhabitants of the land, from the highest to the lowest, consent and desire with all their hearts to receive the Catholic Faith in the Holy Roman Church. To which end, as it has already been said, many emperors and princes have labored, but until this day have not been able to bring it to pass."

There was the momentous question put to the girl-queen. On the one hand, a country won for the Faith, her own Poland strengthened and increased; on the other, her heart — for her love for Wilhelm meant just that. On the one hand, Jagiello — three times as old as she was, a heathen and almost barbarian; on the other Wilhelm, youthful, handsome, betrothed to her from childhood.

(To be continued)

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One day of suffering patiently is better than ten years of voluntary mortification. — St. Francis de Sales.

Three Minute Instruction ON SUPERSTITION

One of the signs of the times is the prevalence of superstition. It is practiced in so many forms and in so many circles that Catholics are easily affected and may almost unconsciously become slaves to superstitious principles or practices. Hence these clear definitions of what it is and how and why wrong.

1. Superstition is practiced in either one of two ways:
 - a. practicing true religion in an improper manner. i.e., in a manner not approved by the Church, or different from her usual customs;
 - b. making use of religious practices toward false gods or unworthy objects or even the devil.
2. Examples of the first kind of superstition are:
 - a. making use of chain prayers, believing them to be especially efficacious, or that to break the chain would bring harm. Prayer is an authentic religious practice, but in this instance it is improperly used.
 - b. placing great confidence in devotion to certain saints while neglecting the essential things like Mass on Sunday, etc.
 - c. placing undue and improper confidence in the wearing of medals, scapulars, etc., as if they were charms or good-luck tokens. These things are praiseworthy when properly used, as expression of devotion and means of inspiring confidence in the saints themselves, but are not to be given a false value in themselves.
3. Examples of the second kind of superstition are:
 - a. Using insignificant objects, such as rabbit-feet, horseshoes, etc., with a belief that they will promote "good luck" or ward off harm. This gives dishonor to God, as if He had given power to such unworthy instruments.
 - b. Consulting fortune-tellers, astrologists, numerologists, mind-readers, etc., with a belief in their power to know the future and to reveal it. Only God knows the future, and He does not entrust His knowledge to such as these.
 - c. Believing in dreams as though they were revelations concerning others or about the future. God does not, except under very extraordinary circumstances, make known His secrets through such means.
4. Improper practice of true religion is usually a venial sin. Generally it is the fruit of ignorance, so that when a person learns to subordinate prayer and sacramentals to the will of God, the superstition vanishes.
5. Trusting in unworthy objects or persons or false gods for good luck or knowledge of the future is a mortal sin, if it is done with full knowledge and consent. If these things were to have any efficacy, it could not be from God and might be from the devil, who is cunning in his ability to draw the allegiance of weak-minded men.

Superstition is an unhealthy sign in a man or woman. It means lack of confidence in the Providence of God, an unreasonable subjection of one's will to things or persons that are unworthy of serious consideration, and a fundamental lack of real faith in the revelations that God has really made. It is well to remember that superstition, when knowingly and voluntarily given in to, is always a sin.

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

XLVIII

Little Nellie of Holy God had an insatiable desire for knowledge that referred to God and the things of God. She often had the nurse, Miss Hall, at her wit's end to satisfy the many questions the child would put to her. Miss Hall, herself a recent convert, with the help of the good Sisters was eventually able to give the right and satisfying answers to the little patient. Miss Hall later declared that the child's ready and willing acceptance of the most abstruse doctrine so impressed her that points on which she had had difficulty in her own belief became acceptable without the least difficulty. Nellie knew all the usual prayers, the principal mysteries of the Faith and the story of the life of Christ.

The child's happiness knew no bounds when she was informed that the Bishop, Dr. O'Callaghan, would give her the sacrament of Confirmation. This happened on October 8, 1907. She could hardly contain herself and her first greeting to "Mudder" after the ceremony was the joyful cry: "Now I am Holy God's little soldier!"

"I WILL HAB' HOLY GOD IN MY HEART"

It was therefore to be expected that a great yearning for the Holy Eucharist should arise in Nellie's life. Her instinct regarding the Real Presence became more sensitive after she had received the sacrament of Confirmation. She knew instinctively when the Blessed Sacrament was being exposed in the chapel although there was neither sound nor sight that could have told her about it, and on such days the child was thrilled with a holy excitement.

"Holy God am not in de lock-up today," she would say to Mother, "take me down to Him!"

Soon the child began to ask for Holy Communion, for the Blessed Sacrament seemed to be always in her thoughts.

"I want Holy Communion!" she would plead with the nurse. "O I wonder when He will come!"

At times the nurse would hesitate to leave Nellie alone at Mass and Communion time, but the child insisted that she go.

"Mudder, go to Mass an' get Holy God an' come back an' kiss

me. Den you can go back to de chapel again." And so each morning the fragrance of the Eucharist was brought to little Nellie. But soon she desired to have the Flower Itself.

One evening Reverend Mother, who visited Nellie each evening, was rather nonplussed. As she was about to leave the room for the night Nellie spoke to her very earnestly:

"Mudder, tomorrow mornin' when you get Holy God, will you bring Him up to me?" Mother knew not what to answer and then thought to compromise:

"I will ask Holy God tomorrow morning to be very fond of you; and I will come up to see you after Mass."

"Mudder Prancis (Francis)," she told the nurse a few moments later, "is goin' to bring Holy God in de mornin'." Already at dawn Nellie awoke the nurse by her incessant calling:

"Mudder, Mudder, please get up an' clean de house, 'cause Holy God is commin' up to me today!" In vain did the nurse plead that the maid would soon be here to put things in order.

"Joe (Josephine, the maid) am late dis mornin'," she answered; "de place will never be ready." And so the nurse had to tidy up the place and when she stopped a moment, the voice from the little cot would spur her on:

"Mudder, what am you doin'? De place will never be ready!" Reverend Mother came up in due time, but she had not Holy God with her and Nellie was terribly disappointed and wept bitterly. She scarcely spoke all day and toward evening there was gathered a world of disappointed yearning in her remark to the nurse:

"Mudder, I *did* tink I would hab' Holy God today."

For days after that, she was much preoccupied, so that they began to fear that some crisis had set in. One evening, the nurse anxious about her condition, asked Nellie:

"Nellie dear, do you want anything?"

"No Mudder," she answered her lovely eyes deep and mysterious, "I was only tinkin' 'bout Holy God."

She did not ask for Holy Communion anymore, but seemed to be content to get It when God would see fit. But around her there seemed to deepen day by day a distinct atmosphere of recollection and holiness.

Finally, however, God did see to it that a certain Jesuit Father who, by experiment, was convinced that Nellie knew sufficient to re-

ceive Holy Communion, used his influence with the Bishop, and the necessary consent was given. The joy of the child was indescribable when she heard the good news.

"I will hab' Holy God in my heart! I will hab' Holy God in my heart!" was the frequent almost constant cry on that day.

Sleep fled from her for very joy that night, and she kept the nurse awake all night by her constant inquiring whether it were not yet time.

"The stars are gone, Mudder; 'tis time to get up now!"

Dawn finally broke — December 6, 1907 — and with it came Holy God. She was clad in a pretty white dress, with wreath and veil. Pale and emaciated, a little wisp of a child, they wheeled her into the chapel. What a marvellous hunger was stilled on that first Friday morning, for, says the Jesuit Father who gave her First Communion, "She literally hungered for her God." The entire day was spent in thanksgiving. The following Sunday she received again, and to her great delight was enrolled in the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

"I TOLD A LIE ONCE"

Authorities soon began to realize that they had not been too previous in admitting Nellie to the Holy Table. The child was wasting away under the power of the disease, but as she approached the closer to the day of her dissolution, she showed more and more the work of God in her life. Each day she "got Holy God," beginning her preparation conscientiously each preceding evening. Whenever it was possible she desired that she be carried down to the "house of Holy God," but at times she would feel too worn out and tired even for that.

"Mudder, I'm tired to go down to Holy God today."

Holy Communion would then be brought to her little room by the chaplain, Father Houlihan, and the Sisters used to value the privilege of witnessing Nellie receive her Lord. One Sister later noted for others, her experience of seeing the marvellous transformation of the child when she had received, and remarked especially the supernatural appearance her pallid face underwent. Nellie always insisted on wearing a white dress for Holy Communion and once when the nurse wanted to put a different colored dress on her for the occasion, she insisted:

"I can't get Holy God in dis dress!"

At times the vehemence of her desire for Holy Communion, almost became a torture for her. One night she kept the nurse awake practically the entire night, by her constant inquiry:

"I want Holy God, I want Holy God! Will it soon be mornin', Mudder?"

How often must the long hours of the night have dragged by for this child of desire!

In such a child we might well expect manifestation of remarkable virtue. Her patience was really heroic especially when the wound in her jaw, brought on by the caries, had to be disinfected. She would then submit to all treatment without a word of complaint or impatience. She would clasp her little crucifix in her thin hands and remind herself that "Holy God suffered far more on de cross for me."

Despite her innocence she always bore the marks of a true penitent, and when she was corrected for some fault she was very humble in her acknowledgment, and very profuse in her sorrow when she might have hurt the feelings of some one. One day Mother Magdalen was holding Nellie in her arms and thinking Nellie asleep remarked to the nurse:

"How happy this child is! She will go straight to heaven for she has never committed a sin." The child stirred in her arms, and deep black eyes opened full upon Mother as she quietly said:

"O yes, Mudder, I did; I told a lie once."

Her trust in God was remarkable; her resignation complete. Everything that Holy God willed, she agreed to. One day Sister Mary of St. Francis said to her:

"Baby, when you go to Holy God, tell Him Mother Francis wants some money to pay her debts." The child looked intently at the good Sister for a few moments and then quietly answered:

"Holy God knows it, Mudder; an' dat's enough!"

"HIM COME AN' STAND DERE!"

She had a peculiar power to comfort and to help. One day a lady, greatly troubled, came to see Nellie. The child sensed her trouble immediately and spoke words of comfort to the lady, and when the visitor was about to leave, she traced the sign of the cross upon her forehead. "God bless you and comfort you" was all she said, and the trouble vanished at that moment.

A sort of a prophetic spirit seemed at times to come down upon her — a phenomenon often noted when privileged souls draw near to their entrance into glory. She was asked one day to pray for the re-

covery of a priest who was ill and thus prevented from coming to see her.

"Holy God is very fond of Pader," she said a few days later, "he will get better, but he will never see me." And so it happened.

Another time, she foretold that one sister would get better because Holy God had much work waiting for her, while another would get better but would not be cured. And again things happened exactly as she said.

A Sister came to Nellie one evening — the evening before Nellie fled to God.

"Nellie," she said, "when you go to Holy God, will you ask Him to take me to Him? I am longing for heaven!" The child looked at the Sister for a few moments and then replied:

"Holy God can't take you, Mudder, till you are better, an' do what He wants you to do!"

How close God came to her little cot, is illustrated by an incident which is mentioned by almost all of her biographers. The nurse came to the child's bed after Nellie had spent a particularly restless and painful night.

"How are you today, darling," asked the nurse. "I thought that you would have been with Holy God by this time."

"O no!" came the quick and smiling reply. "Holy God says that I am not good enough to go yet."

"What do you know about Holy God?" answered the nurse.

"Him come an' stand dere," came the quick reply, as she pointed to the side of her bed, "an' Him did say dat!" Both the nurse and Sister Immaculata were amazed, and continued to question the child:

"Where was He, Nellie?"

"Dere!" she repeated pointing to the same spot.

"And what was He like?"

"Like dat," she answered and crossed her little arms upon her breast. They knew not what to say, and decided to repeat the incident to no one unless Nellie herself would again speak of it. She did when she said that a picture of our Lord with the Sacred Heart did not look like Him when she saw Him beside her bed — and thus the incident has come down to us.

"TALKING TO HOLY GOD"

Sometime before this, one of the girls one day entered the infirmary to see Nellie vainly trying to crawl back on to her little bed. In her hand

she had a little flower which she had gotten from her little altar which held her favorite statue, the Infant of Prague.

"O you naughty child!" exclaimed the girl. "I'll tell Mother when she returns that you have stolen a flower." Nellie said nothing and clung to the little flower, and later mentioned that the altar was hers anyway. Later when she was alone with the nurse once more she remarked:

"Mudder, I'm sorry I took the flower; but I was only talkin' to Holy God and Him did gib me the flower. Him did, Mudder."

Everything reminded her in some way of God. The clouds which she saw skimming across the sky she would call the "friends and angels of Holy God;" the children at play whom she could hear beneath her sickroom window were "Holy God's children."

She never did like artificial flowers for her altar.

"Take dem away," she would say, "dey are too 'tiff (stiff) for Holy God; I want Holy God's own flowers."

Gradually heaven draped itself around the little white cot at St. Finbarr's. God seemed to come closer and closer. Her recollection deepened more and more and became quite apparent to the visitors who came to see her. When surprised by any one she would be found lying there serene and happy in deep recollection, and when asked if the long hours were lonely, she would smile and say:

"Oh no, I was talkin' to Holy God!"

Sometimes she would be questioned further as to the content of these hours of conversation with God, but her only answer was:

"Holy God says I must not speak ob dese tings!"

"O Mudder, I'm so happy," she told Sister in the evening of the day her thanksgiving had lasted all day. "I've been talkin' to Holy God!" Her voice was vibrant with emotion, her usually dark thin face was aglow with light, and as the Sister herself later testified, "around the bed was the distinct aroma of incense."

Such intimacy gradually unified all her thoughts and actions with those of God. One day she was asked to offer her Communion for her nurse's brother.

"I can't, I can't," was the immediate and earnest reply. But later she called the nurse and explained it to her.

"Mudder Lattie (Immaculata) says I ought to gib' my Communion for your brudder, but I can't; Holy God says I must gib' it to Mudder Prancis."

Christmas tide came — Nellie's last on earth — and with it came her little crib. She was much occupied about it and helped the nurse to "make a bed for Holy God" and saw to it that there were "no lumps in Holy God's bed." She was overjoyed with the midnight Mass, at which she received Holy Communion. So enraptured was she, that one Sister wrote later: "If ever anyone was in ecstasy, Nellie certainly was then." They took her back to her little bed, where she called the nurse to her:

"Today is Holy God's birthday," she said, "dis is de day He came to save us from sin; so light de candles, Mudder, please."

The New Year came — the year of Nellie's "flight" to God — and with it sorrow to those who gathered around the little bed more frequently now that the child was clearly approaching the end of her short life. The little body was wasting away, and the nurse and sisters could hardly refrain from tears.

"Why are you cryin', Mudder," she one day asked the Superioress, "you should be glad dat I am goin' to Holy God."

UNFURLING PETALS

January wore on and Nellie was slowly sinking. January passed into February, the child suffering and happy, becoming more spiritual with each passing hour as the Cross and the Eucharist transformed her into one of God's own privileged souls.

It was Sunday morning, February second, feast of the Purification of our Blessed Mother; all within the convent and without was quiet and solemn, while within the sick room gathered a small group around a tiny white bed in the infirmary. On Friday already they thought she would surely pass away, she was so weak. But Friday came to an end, and Nellie was still alive, for she had distinctly said that she would "fly" to Holy God on His own day — Sunday. Friday night was an agonizing night, and all day Saturday the child hovered between death and life. With Sunday morning came the beginning of the end. Her agony lasted all day as the Sisters by turns knelt around the little bed in prayer. There were three sisters around the bed when towards three o'clock she became quite calm. This lasted for about an hour when she opened her eyes and fixed them upon something that seemingly stood at the foot of her bed. Tears of joy were in those lovely eyes as they followed the invisible presence until it hovered over her. Her lips moved in soundless words as if she were speaking to the vision, as

eternity dawned across the little smiling face and Nellie "fled" to Holy God.

It was four o'clock on Sunday, February 2, 1908, and Nellie was four years, five months, and eight days old.

They dressed her in her white Communion dress, with wreath and veil and dainty little shoes, and placed her upon her little bed where she was surrounded with the pictures and medals and statues — the things she loved in life. The little coffin was transferred to the chapel the next morning and a Requiem Mass was celebrated, after which the pupils and sisters came to bid farewell to the remains of her who was to bring enduring memory to St. Finbarr's. That evening a little cortège escorted the remains across the River Lee to the public cemetery of St. Joseph, where the little grave soon became a center of pilgrimage. This veneration and the report of favors induced the authorities to transfer the body back to the Convent Cemetery at Sunday's Well. This was done one year after death and the body was found to be perfectly preserved and flexible — a remarkable thing in view of the disease to which she fell a victim. The wreath, dress and veil were all intact, and the medal and the crucifix bright as on the day of her death. This happened on September 8, 1909.

POPE PIUS X

One year later, November 13, 1910, the pupils of St. Finbarr's wrote a beautiful letter to His Holiness, Pius X. In it they reminded Him of little Nellie's promise "that she would work a big miracle which would obtain for her little companions and all little children over the whole world the great favor of receiving Holy Communion as near to the age that she received it as possible." Would it be wrong then to infer that Nellie was very closely connected with the promulgation of the decree "*Quam Singulari*" three months before the children wrote that letter — the decree that made it possible to a child to approach the Communion rail?

•••

Insults are like counterfeit money; we can't help their being offered but we needn't take them.

Quadragesimo Anno

THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

(*Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.*)

PART III. WHAT WAS DONE BY THE PARTIES CONCERNED

Finally, the Pontiff in his all-providing care made it plain that the employers and the workingmen themselves can do a great deal in these matters: "namely, by those institutions and organizations which afford opportune assistance to those in need, and which draw the two orders closely together." And among these institutions and organizations, he declares, the most important are unions,— whether for workingmen alone, or for workingmen together with employers. He goes into considerable detail on this point, recommending the unions highly, and explaining in a masterly manner their nature, object, necessity; their rights, duties, and guiding principles.

These directions of the Pontiff were most timely. For when "Rerum Novarum" appeared, there was more than one country where the ruling classes, being completely under the spell of Liberalistic principles, had little favor to show to workingmen's unions, and even came out openly against them. They willingly recognized and supported similar associations in other classes of society, but at the very same time, were guilty of the crying injustice of refusing the inborn right of association to those who needed it most as a protection against the persecution of the mighty ones of this world. There were even Catholics who looked with suspicion on the efforts made to form workingmen's unions, as though such efforts betrayed a socialistic or revolutionary spirit.

No. 1. WORKINGMEN'S UNIONS

Consequently, the guiding rules which Leo XIII gave and sanctioned with his authority are worthy of the highest praise. In the first place, they were calculated to put a check upon this unjust opposition of the ruling classes, and allay the suspicions of Catholics; but what is more, they gave encouragement to Christian workingmen to form unions for their various trades, and showed them how this could be done; and besides, they served to keep large numbers of the Catholic workingmen upon the path of duty, in spite of the alluring invitations of the Socialists, who claimed and boasted that their socialistic unions were the only refuge and hope in the world for the lowly and the oppressed.

As to the establishment of the unions, the Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" rightly stated "that the workingmen's unions should be so organized and governed as to furnish the best and most suitable means for obtaining what is aimed at, that is to say, for help— each individual member to better his condition to the utmost in body, mind, and property;" but it is plain that "they must pay special and principal attention to piety and morality, and that their internal discipline must be directed precisely by these considerations." For "if the rules and regulations of the union are based on religion, it will be easy to settle the mutual relations of the members in such a manner that there will be peace in the unions, and prosperity in society at large."

The actual work of founding the unions was soon under way on all sides. Priests and laymen took up the task in large numbers, striving with a wholehearted zeal that deserves the greatest praise, to put Leo's doctrine unreservedly into prac-

Founding of Unions in General tice. The unions, in turn, made true Christians of the workingmen: men who found no difficulty in combining hard work at their trade with the practice of their religion, and who were able to stand up for their rights with firmness and success, without failing in the respect due to all just claims of others, and without abandoning the earnest efforts they had been making to work hand in hand with the other classes of society for the Christian renewal of all social life.

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QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

Speaking of "what was done by the parties concerned," what does Pius XI do?

After an *introduction*, he does three things, *first*, describes what was done by workingmen's unions; *secondly*, by unions in other classes; *thirdly*, by unions of employers.

In the introduction, what does Pius XI do?

Two things: *first*, summarizes Leo's doctrine on what could be done by the parties concerned, especially in the way of forming unions; *secondly*, shows how Leo's doctrine was needed when it appeared.

"Giving an outline of Leo's doctrine" what does Pius XI do?

He quotes or summarizes Leo's doctrine on three points: *first*, on the fact that much could be done by workingmen and employers; *secondly*, especially by forming unions; *thirdly*, gives the general divisions of Leo's doctrine on the unions—nature, object, necessity, etc.

What is covered by the terms "institutions and organizations"?

Four kinds of societies: *first*, co-operatives, such as credit unions and co-operative insurance societies, co-operative building and loan associations, etc.; *second*, Catholic guilds, or Catholic societies for Catholics who belong to neutral unions, such as the various guilds now being formed in England—"Tramwaymen's Guild," "Catholic Police Guild," "Civil Servant's Guild," etc.; *third*, unions, or societies for the defense of the economic interests of the members—such as the labor unions in the United States; *fourth*, "orders," also called occupational groups, vocational groups, trade associations, or "guilds."

Are the "Catholic guilds" the same as the "orders" or "guilds"?

No; in the middle ages the "orders" were called "guilds"; but modern usage is restricting the term "guild" to these Catholic societies for the religious interests of the workingmen, and to similar religious societies.

Are the "unions" always societies just for the defense of the economic interests of the workingmen?

No; this is the narrow sense of the term "union"; in the wide sense, the Pope means a society for Catholics which does in itself the work not only of the unions but also of the co-operative, and of the Catholic guild.

How do these "institutions and organizations" "draw the two orders more closely together"?

In unions to which both workingmen and employers belong, and in the "orders," they will be drawn closely together, because they will all be working for the common good. But societies for workingmen alone or employers alone, if animated by the Christian spirit, will also draw the classes together: the *co-operative*, by relieving the misery of the poor, and bridging over "the gulf between vast wealth and dire poverty," as Leo XIII says,—thus removing the sufferings of the poor which

cause conflict between the classes: the *Catholic guilds*, by "animating the working-men (and the employers) with the Christian spirit of justice and charity"; and the *unions* by putting the workingmen on an equal footing with the employers.

What about Leo's doctrine on the nature, object, necessity, etc., of the unions?

It is not necessary here to quote Leo's doctrine, because Pius XI in this very part of "The Forieth Year" deals with all these features of the unions, and in doing so only amplifies Leo's doctrine.

Speaking of how Leo's doctrine was needed, what does Pius XI do?

Two things; he shows how *first*, some governments and *secondly*, even some Catholics, were opposed to workingmen's unions.

How were governments opposed to workingmen's unions?

One of the Liberalistic principles referred to, which guided these governments, was that the labor contract should be absolutely "free," as the Liberals called it, that is, it should be a matter between the individual employer and the individual workingman, free from any outside influence from unions or governments. Since, however, the individual workingman is not free when dealing with the employer, but is bound to accept whatever terms the employer offers, in order to get his job and his living, the Liberalistic principle is incorrect, and the attitude of the governments was unjust.

Was this Liberalistic attitude evident in the United States Government?

It was especially evident until 1932 in the toleration and favor shown to the "yellow dog contract" and to the court injunction as used in labor disputes; in 1932, the Norris-LaGuardia Bill outlawed the yellow dog contract and restricted the use of the injunction in labor disputes.

What was the yellow dog contract?

It was the contract by which an employer agreed to hire a man only on condition that the workingman sign away his membership in any outside union he belonged to, and agree to join no outside union while working for that employer.

What is an outside union?

It is a union not confined to any one company, but embracing the workingmen of a certain trade who work for various companies. It is the opposite of the "company union" which is one founded by the company only for those who work for that company.

What is the court injunction as used in labor disputes?

Usually it is a court order obtained by employers to prevent workingmen from striking, picketing, or even talking about a strike. Those who violate a court injunction are considered guilty of contempt of court, and are liable to arrest and a summary trial and sentence. The use of the injunction in labor disputes (like the yellow dog contract) was often unjust and its restriction by the Norris-LaGuardia Bill of 1932 is in accord with Catholic social doctrine.

Does the Church forbid striking or picketing?

A just strike conducted without violence was never condemned by any Pope; Leo XIII only deplores the evil consequences of strikes, and suggests various means of preventing them. About picketing, or parading before a shop by the workingmen during a strike, he only orders that it be done without violence.

What were the "associations among members of other classes" that were "willingly recognized" by the Governments?

Such were the corporations and trusts of the employers and capitalists.

What about the "inborn right" of workingmen to form unions?

Pius XI here condemns those who interfere with the rights of the workingmen to form the unions they desire—i.e., he condemns 1) governments which put obstacles in their way; 2) employers who force the yellow dog contract upon their employees, or otherwise interfere with their rights of association; and 3) even those outside unions which interfere with workingmen who wish to belong to a good company union.

Does the Church condemn the "company union"?

If a company union benefits the workingman in body, mind, and property, (as some do) and the workingman wishes to join it, (as some do) the Church is not opposed, but favorable, to company unions; as is evident from two things: *first*, for fifty years the Catholic principle on unions has been: “a free union in an organized trade or profession”; that is, all the employers and all the workingmen in a certain trade or profession are to be organized in the “order”; but the workingmen are free to form whatever union or unions they wish within the “order”, whether company unions or outside unions; and *secondly*, the union formed by Leon du Harmel in France, which was one of the earliest Catholic unions, and has been praised by Bishops and Popes, was a company union.

Does the Church favor the "closed shop" over the "open shop"?

The “closed shop” is one where only union labor is hired; the “open shop,” where non-union labor is used, or where there is a company union. The Church favors unions; but her main concern is that workingmen be free to form the unions they desire; so she favors the closed shop above the open shop; but the union is to be whatever the men freely choose, whether company unions or outside unions.

Why did workingmen need unions the most, “as a protection, etc.”?

Because the individual workingman is practically at the mercy of the employer; it is only when workingmen are banded together that they possess a power equal to that of the employer, and can deal with him as man to man.

Do not the company unions also leave the workingmen at the mercy of the employer?

Some company unions, it is true, have no benefits for the workingmen, and are forced upon them; these are surely unjust; but others are beneficial—even more beneficial than the outside union,—and the men want the company union; and in this case the men are not really at the mercy of the employer, and do not need the outside union as a protection against the mighty ones of this world.

How did Catholics view workingmen's unions as Socialistic?

This was common in every country; but there were two great French Catholic leaders in social work—Perin and de Play—who held on principle and taught publicly that labor unions would prove Socialistic; they of course had many followers.

Speaking of “what was done by workingmen's unions,” what does Pius XI do?

Six things: *First*, gives the merits of Leo's doctrine; *secondly*, quotes the guiding principles laid down for labor unions by Leo XIII; *thirdly*, describes the founding of the unions in general; *fourthly*, describes it in particular; *fifthly*, gives the conditions on which Catholics may join non-Catholic unions; *sixthly*, describes the present status of workingmen's unions.

What are some other names for workingmen's unions?

“Labor unions,” “trade unionism,” “Christian Syndicalism,” (this last term is used namely in France and Spain); then too, the term “collective bargaining”

is used to describe the main function of the unions, namely that of discussing and contracting about wages and working conditions with the employers.

"Giving the merits of Leo's doctrine," what does Pius XI do?

He shows what good results Leo's doctrine was calculated to accomplish namely, four things: *first*, quiet opposition and allay suspicions; *secondly*, encourage Catholic workingmen to form unions; *thirdly*, teach them how to do it; *fourthly*, save them from Socialism.

How did Leo XIII teach the working men how to form unions?

His directions are summed up and applied to modern conditions by Pius XI in the next few paragraphs of "the Fourtieth Year."

Quoting "the guiding directions," what does Pius XI do?

He quotes three passages from "Rerum Novarum"; *the first*, stating that the unions must make sure to benefit the members in body, mind, and property; *the second*, stating that the unions should treat the religious interests of the members as most important and the *third*, giving the reason why the religious interests are most important.

Is this insistence on religion in the unions practical for the United States?

It is most practical; for unless the unions are animated by a spirit of true justice and charity, there is danger that the unions will become just as greedy and tyrannical as are perhaps the capitalists with whom they are dealing.

The Catholic Inheritance

We are not the children of violence, of fear, nor of any kind of servitude. See how we were born. If my memory serves me well, we were not born under that stool which men call a throne; we did not open our eyes one day under the robe of the Praetorians at the foot of the Palatine. We were, indeed, under the Palatine, but under its caves, in the catacombs. We were there, tracked like wild beasts from one end of the world to the other; and see how we make proselytes to our faith. A man came from I know not where, who spake strange things; he entered into a great city, walked into a shop, sat down whilst some one mended his sandals, and as the workman labored at that lowly work, the stranger opened his mouth; he announced to the artisan that a God was come to bear to the earth a doctrine of voluntary suffering and crucifixion—a doctrine which humbled pride and scourged the senses.

"Comrade," said he to him, "leave thy tools, come with us; we have the Caesars against us, they kill us by thousands, but we have holes under the earth where thou wilt find a bed, an altar, and a tomb. We sleep there, we pray there, we sing there, we die there, and then we are placed between three tiles in the rock, waiting for the day of resurrection, when our remains will appear in honor and in glory. Comrade, descend with us into the catacombs, come and learn how to live and how to die!"

The artisan rose up, he went down into the catacombs, and he never left them, for he had found, underground, light and love!—*Lacordaire*.

Catholic Anecdotes

EQUANIMITY

It is told of the saintly Archbishop Fenelon that, just at the time when he was involved in bitter controversies that tried his patience to the utmost, a misfortune befell him that seemed a climax to all his other troubles.

A fire broke out in his episcopal place at Cambrai, and not only all his furniture, but all his books and papers were destroyed.

His friend, the Abbe Langeron, hurried to Versailles, meaning to break the bad news to Fenelon, and finding him talking quietly, as if nothing had happened, the Abbe naturally supposed that the news had not arrived. But when he began to make it known, the Archbishop calmly stopped him, saying:

"I know all about it, dear Abbe; it is much better that my house should be burned than that of some poor laborer." And he went on with his interrupted conversation as quietly as before.

NATIVE REVERENCE

In the life of Father Lacombe, missionary to the Indians of the great Northwest, we read that one Christmas night after he had celebrated Mass in the midst of his Indians a courier arrived from the East with messages and mail. Amongst Father Lacombe's mail was a letter from Bishop Grandin in Rome, relating the troubles through which Pius IX was passing, and telling that he was nevertheless about to convoke an Ecumenical Council.

The priest was greatly moved as he read the letter, and the decree for the council. Finally Chief Sweet-Grass, who called the priest "Man-of-the-Beautiful-Mind," came quietly near him and asked him what news had moved him so strongly. Father Lacombe explained the letters and read from the decree some words of the "grand-chief-of-the-men-of-prayer."

Immediately the warriors pressed forward to see it. Father Lacombe pointed out the Pontiff's name and the heraldic device surrounding the sheet. One Indian bent and kissed the page.

"What is the name of the Chief-of-the-men-of-prayer?" asked Sweet-Grass wonderingly.

"Pius IX is his name," was the answer, "Pius IX."

Very gravely Sweet-Grass pursued his enquiries.

"May I speak his name, even though I am not a praying Indian?"

"To be sure you may," Father Lacombe agreed, and Sweet-Grass had him repeat it for him until he felt he could say it correctly.

Then the chief stood up among his braves, holding the Pope's decree in his hands, and he called out strongly, solemnly, as if he made an invocation.

"Pius IX! Pius IX! Listen, all my people present, Pius IX! May that name bring us good fortune."

Then sweeping an arm out over his seated braves, "Rise," he said, "and say Pius IX."

ATONEMENT

When Isaac Jogues, one of the early Jesuit Martyrs among the Indians, was captured the first time, he was subjected to unbelievable torments. The Indians pulled out his finger-nails with their teeth, sliced off pieces of flesh from his thighs and arms, pierced his body with awls and sharp sticks.

Then one of the savages commanded a captive Indian woman to cut off his left thumb. The poor woman recoiled in horror, but finally under threat of torture and death, took the rough shell in her hand, and hacked at the thumb until it was removed.

Jogues immediately stooped and picked up the mutilated thumb and said these words:

"I present it to thee, living and true God, in remembrance of the sacrifices which for the last seven years I have offered on the altars of Thy church, and as atonement for the want of love and reverence of which I have been guilty in touching thy Holy Body."

So do Saints bring a consciousness of all their least faults to the cleansing fires of suffering!

SPIRITUAL SENSE

St. Veronica Juliana, even at the age of three, had a great devotion to the Blessed Eucharist. Her mother noticed that after she herself had received Holy Communion and returned to her place, the little one would cling to her dress and would not leave her. One day she asked her little daughter fondly why she did this.

"Mother," was the answer, "it is because you have the taste and perfume of Jesus."

Pointed Paragraphs

THE PRIVILEGE OF PARENTS

This is a word of congratulation to all those mothers and fathers throughout the land whose children are beginning a year's study and training in Catholic schools this month. A thought or two as to what lies behind the Catholic school training such children are to receive will make every Catholic parent deeply conscious of his privilege and joyous in the sacrifices he may be called upon to make.

Behind that training lie the courage and heroism of generations of Catholics, many of whom have faced far greater odds than we face today and carried far heavier burdens than we are called upon to carry, in order that there might be Catholic schools attached to so many of our Catholic churches.

Behind that training lie the self-renunciation and self-dedication of thousands of Catholic Sisters, who have given up every normal pursuit and ambition in favor of the task of lavishing their care and spending their powers in behalf of the minds and hearts and souls of Catholic children.

Behind it lies the commission of Christ Himself, Who sent His Apostles and established His Church to teach the Gospel to all peoples; Who rebuked those same Apostles with the words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me!"; Who Himself desires to be the ideal and inspiration of every child from its earliest years.

Behind it lie the care and anxiety and time given up by bishops and pastors, who without adequate funds or sufficient personnel, yet toil day by day for their schools, until those schools have become as high in their scholastic efficiency as they are superior in imparting moral and religious training to any school in the land.

These are simple and well-known facts about our Catholic schools. To the individual Catholic parent, it must bring a sense of pride, of privilege, of willingness to go on making sacrifices, to know that this historic treasury of Catholic courage and zeal is at his command. Results for the children will be proportionate to the devotion and faith that have founded the system. Hence do we say to them with all our hearts: Congratulations!

WHITE HARVEST

A news report carried in the Sunday morning *Advertiser* of Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands for July 28th, 1935, tells the following story:

"The Redemptorist Fathers, F. S. Romer, F. J. Fagen, and Andrew Oehm, who arrived in Honolulu, January 11, to conduct a series of missions in the Catholic churches of the Island, are concluding their work today.

"During almost seven months they have conducted 47 missions, each of eight days' duration. In addition five retreats of three days were given to the students of St. Louis college and Sacred Hearts' Academy, Kaimuki. They have also held 10 retreats of five to eight days each for the clergy, the Brothers of Mary, and the various sisterhoods on the Islands, numbering some three hundred.

"All the Islands have been visited from Hawaii to Kauai, including the settlement at Kalaupapa. It is conservatively estimated that the attendance at the missions reached at least 25,000. Among these were many not of the Catholic faith.

"His Excellency, Most Rev. Stephen P. Alencastre, who invited the Redemptorists to the Islands, has recently made his official visit to Rome and reported the success of the Missions to Pope Pius XI in person.

"The Fathers return to their work on the Pacific Coast, Father Fagen to Seattle, Washington, and Fathers Romer and Oehm to Oakland, California. They will leave on the Matson liner Monterey, Monday, August 5."

Other excerpts from Hawaiian papers tell of the throngs that attended the exercises held there and the immense good that was accomplished. The Holy See has officially asked for a detailed report of all the work — number of missions, retreats, confessions, etc. The tour was evidently a triumph for the faith, and a cause of joy for the entire Redemptorist Order.

ON MOTHERHOOD

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D., attained fame when he so skillfully attended at the birth and early development of the Dionne quintuplets. Now he is writing a series of articles on "Babies" for the New York Evening Journal, and they are marked by the same sanity and common sense that governs his practice. For example, he has this to say about Motherhood:

"Of all the cowards about life, the healthy woman afraid to bear children is the most pitiable and the most punished. If only today's wives, otherwise normal, would stop being scared of the best and most natural thing that can happen to them!

"Too much can be made of certain widely quoted figures on maternal mortality. While the problem is getting earnest attention from doctors themselves, through their medical associations in New York and elsewhere, yet the actual statistics ought not to be printed without careful preparation.

"To say, for example, that 15,000 mothers die annually makes the business of having a baby sound pretty dangerous. But this very computation is swelled by the inclusion of all the deaths which occurred not while women were trying to have babies, but while they were trying to avoid having them.

"It is right to focus attention on measures to safeguard maternity, but too much alarmist talk frightens women. If only they would realize that there is nothing to dread about the natural function of creation! A normal woman, under proper medical care and supervision, should feel no fear of the process.

"Probably as much suffering and danger, in the long run, is experienced by women who can have children but refuse to have them as by the mothers of the race. Methods employed to avoid maternity often not only injure health but imperil life.

"Nature, moreover, says that a woman was made to bear. The really dangerous adventure is for her to go against nature, deliberately and of her own free will, for nature has a way of taking revenge.

"The woman who can have babies and refrains through timidity should 'take heed lest a worse thing befall.' Her nerves and emotional stability can be so adversely affected that as a result she becomes neurasthenic, pathologically irritable, even deranged.

"To the contrary, the woman who brings life into the world, nurses it, cares for it, finds that her whole personality is vitalized and enriched. Having a baby, instead of being a menance to her health and happiness, is the natural stimulation of both."

THE NEW ANIMALISM

We hasten to remark in advance that the following lines were penned by a woman, but they express so well our own ideas on a modern topic that we give them verbatim. The woman writer is the worthy editor of the Woman's Page of the *Sunday Visitor*.

What think you of the men and women who forget their dignity and place themselves on a par with animals, while they fondle such beasts, chiefly dogs and cats, more especially the former? Get in your Ford (1935 or six-year old model) or your Cadillac or your Rolls-Royce, glide along a bit, then park in a location favorable to a vision of fat men and women promenaders on prominent residence streets and exclusive, shady pathways in certain attractive suburbs. What do you see? Not a light-hearted maiden or a wholesome, full-spirited young man, walking rapidly, impelled by the very zest of living, followed by a dog gleefully wagging its tail, leaping and bounding, pausing, scenting and searching.

Not on your life! You see young ones, and middle-aged men and women holding fast to Fido's leash, indulging heroic patience humoring said Fido's whims, fancies, and petulancies. Linger awhile and you will see great manifestations of affection (much more consideration than many parents exhibit to their babies). . . . Watch the provender offered. It will be extracted from very specially prepared tins, containing high-priced dog foods. A little later perhaps the little dear will be bathed in the softest water, with perfumed soap, and rubbed down with the softest Turkish towels. Then a ribbon will be tied around Sweetie's fluffy neck, and he will be harnessed again and led out to the glorious sunshine.

If you have time, linger around for 18 hours, and you will find that luxurious fat wife (childless, of course), ministering to said Sweetie at least six hours out of the said eighteen.

Is not all this maudlin foolishness over an animal an ill omen? Does it not point to the materialism, the sensualism, and even, the animalism of our times?

THE FRUIT

The effect a good sermon should have, and that which should be sought by good listeners, may be learned from the words of Louis XIV, King of France, to the great Oratorian preacher, Massillon.

The king had heard him for the first time, and meeting him afterwards, said:

"When I listened to other preachers, I was very pleased with them; but having heard you preach, I am very displeased with myself."

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

DEVOTION TO MARY

The Queen of Heaven is so generous and has so grateful a heart that she gives great and wonderful gifts in return for the little offerings of her servants. But two things are necessary: first, that we offer her our gifts with a heart free from sin; otherwise Mary may say to us the same thing she said to a certain soldier, who, although he lived a sinful life, used to do some little thing in honor of the Blessed Virgin every day. One day, when he was suffering severely from hunger, she appeared to him and presented him with some very choice portions of food; but the dishes in which she served them were so filthy that he could not bring himself to touch them. "I am," said Mary, "the Mother of God, and I have come to help you in your hunger." "But," replied the soldier, "how can I take the food from these dishes?" "And how can I," then said Mary, "take your devotions out of a soul like yours?" On hearing this, the soldier changed his ways, and became a hermit, and after thirty years of holy life, had the joy of seeing Our Lady appear to him at death to lead him to Paradise. It is true that a true client of Mary cannot be lost; but a true client of Mary is one who either lives without sin, or else is desirous to escape from sin. If a person would sin because he hoped that the Blessed Virgin would save him, he would by that very fact render himself unworthy and un-

fit for the protection of Mary.

The second condition is that we persevere in our devotion to Mary. When St. John Berchmans, of the Society of Jesus, was dying, his companions asked him to tell them what was the best devotion to Mary. And he answered: "Any least thing, as long as you remain faithful to it."

~

By the merits of Jesus Christ, our Mediator, we have received in baptism the grace to be made the children of God: and thus we differ from the Jews of the Old Testament, who, though the chosen people of God, still were all only His servants.

~

To converse continually with God, you do not have to keep your mind in so intense a state of concentration that you forget all your duties and diversions. All you have to do is this: without omitting your ordinary occupations, treat God like you treat those whom you love, and who love you in return.

~

Mary not only consoles her clients in Purgatory, but delivers them from that prison of fire by her intercession.

~

The love of all mothers is a shadow in comparison with the love which Mary bears to each one of us.

~

Mary says: "With me are riches, that I may enrich them that love me." Let us love Mary, if we would be rich in grace.

Book Reviews

DEVOTION

The Eucharist and Education. From the Dutch of Father Gervasius, O.M.Cap., S.T.D., by Rev. Gregory G. Rybrook, Ord. Praem., S.T.D., with a Preface by the Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap., Ph.D., Litt.D. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. XVI—109 pages. Price, \$1.25.

Father Kirsch, in his preface, reminds us of our present Pope Pius' definition of Christian Education: "The proper and immediate end of Christian education is to co-operate with divine grace in forming the true and perfect Christian, that is, to form Christ Himself in those regenerated by Baptism."

If this is true,—since this is true, it stands to reason that among all means of true and complete education which the Church commands, hardly any holds as many possibilities as the Holy Eucharist. I say "possibilities;" for though it is evident that in itself, the Eucharist, which provides a most intimate companionship with Christ, is certainly the most powerful factor for education, nevertheless, its actual results depend on the use we make of it.

This is precisely the aim of the book: to enable teachers to guide their pupils into a better appreciation and use of the Blessed Sacrament and to enable students and readers by means of a better understanding of this mystery of love, to derive the greatest possible advantage from it. The author accomplished this purpose very well. Father Rybrook has done well to give us this book in English.

—A. T.Z.

INSTRUCTION

A Guide for Modern Life, or, Back to Christ. By Henry Brenner, O.S.B. 1935 Edition. Published by The Raven, St. Meinrad, Indiana. 441 pages. Price, \$3.00.

This book offers something unique in the line of Catholic publications. It is a symposium of quotations from Catholic periodicals and publications of the year 1935 arranged under apt headings for study and reference. It is a truism to say that many of the fine things published in magazines are too easily lost and too quickly forgotten. Hence a

volume like this serves many purposes: it preserves many of the worthwhile things of current Catholic writing; it makes known in a new way the calibre of the Catholic periodical press; it affords a treasury of reference to speakers and writers on practical topics. The book might also be used profitably by many lay people for daily spiritual reading or meditation.—D. F. M.

The Bread from Heaven. By the Most Rev. John J. Swint, D.D. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. 51 pages. Price, \$.35.

This booklet, in the words of the author, is dedicated to the National Eucharistic Congress which is to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, this year from September 23rd to September 26th. It tells, in simple language, the sublime story of the Eucharist as founded by Christ, as re-enacted in every Mass, as it represents the needs of the faithful and the love of their God. Through this booklet Catholics can be refreshed in their faith, children may be instructed, and prospective converts adequately prepared to receive this central truth of the faith of Jesus Christ.—D. F. M.

The Apostles' Creed. By Rev. Richard Felix, O. S. B. Published and distributed by the author, Pilot Grove, Mo. 189 pages. Price, paper bound, \$1.00.

Father Felix tells us in the preface to this little book that "he lays no claim to originality." And on reading it one realizes it. Yet there is a distinctive merit in the book. The chapters are short enough to attract and engage the "busy" people who have "no time" for reading—short enough to squeeze them between the days, duties and recreations. At the same time—and that is their real merit, they are meaty enough—packed with solid reasoning and information—to satisfy the mind and freshen the memory of religious instruction received at school. The questions attached to each chapter are in general very good, well-chosen and well answered. Some perhaps could well have been replaced by others of greater interest and importance—but there—I am choosing according to my taste and observation. I think it a handy and useful book.

—A. T.Z.



Catholic Events



Persons:

During the summer the following Redemptorists were ordained in the Seminary Chapel at Oconomowoc by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch of Milwaukee, and celebrated their first Solemn Masses as follows: *Rev. Martin Berry*, July 7th, at Holy Redeemer Church, Tampa, Kansas; *Rev. Edward Trower*, July 7th, at St. Alphonsus Church, New Orleans, La.; *Rev. Peter Sattler*, July 7th, at St. Alphonsus Church, Chicago, Ill.; *Rev. Julian Grehan*, July 14th, at St. Mary's Church, New Orleans, La.; *Rev. Anthony Powers*, July 14th, at the Rock Church, St. Louis, Mo.; *Rev. James Barrett*, June 30th, at Holy Name Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; *Rev. Robert Boucher*, June 30th, at St. Alphonsus Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.; *Rev. Hugh O'Connell*, July 7th, at the Rock Church, St. Louis, Mo.; *Rev. Willard Quinn*, July 7th, at Perpetual Help Church, Kansas City, Mo.; *Rev. James Vance*, July 7th, at St. Julianna's Church, Detroit, Mich.; *Rev. Francis Brunner*, June 30th, at St. Andrew's Church, Chicago, Ill.

The Rev. Dr. George Johnson, Director of the N. C. W. C. Department of Education and Secretary General of the National Catholic Educational Association, and the Rev. Dr. Edward Roberts Moore of New York, National Director of the Catholic Committee on Scouting, have been named by President Roosevelt among the 34 persons on the National Youth Administration. The members of this committee are to act in an advisory capacity in directing the aims and activities of the Youth Administraton.

The Right Reverend Msgr. Aloysius J. Muench, Rector of St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, has been named Bishop of the Diocese of Fargo, North Dakota, to succeed the late Bishop James O'Reilly, who died in December, 1934.

The Most Rev. James H. Ryan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, has been named Bishop of Omaha to succeed the Most Rev. Bishop Joseph Rummel, who was elevated to the See of New Orleans.

The Right Rev. Msgr. Peter Leo Ireton, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Baltimore, has been named Coadjutor Bishop of Richmond, to assist the Most Rev. Andrew James Brennan, with the right of succession.

The Rev. John A. McCloskey, S.J., widely known orator and member of the faculty of Detroit University, died on July 29th, after an illness of two years. He had delivered two series of talks over the Catholic Hour, and was known in almost every large city of the East and Middle West for his Lenten lectures. Many of his lectures have been published.

The Catholic War Veterans organization has launched a national campaign against Communism which will be directed by the chaplain the Rev. E. J. Higgins, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Astoria, Long Island, New York, and the National Commander, John W. Dealy. The veterans, combining their efforts with Catholic Action, will explain the doctrines and dangers of Communism where necessary. Many Senators and Congressmen have lauded the definite program of the Catholic veterans.

The Catholic Students Mission Crusade held its ninth annual convention in Dubuque, Iowa, August 6th to 8th. The slogan of the convention was "Enthusiasm for the Church." His Excellency, the Most Rev. Amleto Cicognani praised the work of the Crusade and stressed the importance of mission work in the Catholic Action program of Pius XI. Archbishop McNicholas and Beckman also addressed the meetings.

United States Catholics are urged to ignore the forthcoming Olympic games to be held in Germany, by an editorial which appeared in the Commonweal of August 8th. The action is taken in protest against the persecution being carried on in Germany against Catholics. "In the interest of common justice and fairness," says the editorial "we suggest that no Catholic friend of the sport activities of Catholic institutions ought to make the trip to Berlin. We summon each and every organization identified with the church to make it clear to its members that participation in the approaching games means endorsement of wilful and violent persecution.

Twelve of the 49 State championships in the Gorgas Essay contest have been won by students of Catholic schools. This announcement was made at Washington, D. C. by the Gorgas Memorial Institute of Tropical and Preventive Medicine.

Places:

At *Cleveland, Ohio* the annual national Eucharistic Congress will be held September 23rd to 26th. Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland has been invited to be the 1st speaker on the new series of Sunday broadcasts called the "Church of the Air" and sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting Company, and he will use the opportunity to invite the nation to the congress. Many national organizations are planning to send groups from every state. The Holy Father will broadcast a greeting to those who attend.

At *Ludington, Michigan* an outdoor pontifical Mass was celebrated on Sunday, August 11th, on the exact site of the death of Father Marquette and on the 260th anniversary of that event. The site has only recently been ascertained by research work instituted at Marquette University. The Mass was offered by Bishop Pinten of Grand Rapids, the Rev. William Magee, President of Marquette University delivering the sermon. The ceremony was attended by many members of the clergy and thousands of laity.

In *Germany* the persecution of Catholics is becoming more and more intense. Priests and nuns are being put in jail and fined, the property of catholic organizations is being confiscated, and even Catholic charitable organizations are being suppressed. Leaders of the Nazi party are coming out openly with statements such as that of the Governor of the State of Baden that "the Church is the only handicap in our way and its interference will no longer be tolerated."

In *Ohio*, the law providing that "no school bus shall be required to pay the annual license tax provided in the general code" has been interpreted in an opinion given to the State Department by Attorney John W. Breecher to exempt all school buses whether publicly or privately owned. This of course means that parochial school busses are to be tax free.

In *France*, religious authorities have founded a bureau entitled the Catholic Cinema and Radio Center. It is affiliated with Catholic Action, and has for its purpose the exercising of influence over these two forms of public entertainment according to Christian standards.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

Dr. Will Mayo, the famous medical specialist, once told of a case he knew of where a Negro woman came into a clinic with a broken jaw. The examining surgeon, anxious to discover the extent and nature of the injury, asked numerous questions. To all of them the patient gave evasive answers. Finally however she admitted that she was "hit by an object."

"Was the object a large object or a small object?" queried the doctor.

"Tollerby large," said the patient.

"Was it a hard object or a soft object?"

"Tollerby hard."

"Was it coming rapidly or slowly?"

"Tollerby fast."

At this point the patient's patience was exhausted and she turned to the inquisitor and barked: "To tell de trufe, doctah, Ah was jes' simply kicked in de face by a gen'lemen friend."

*

Ben be nimble

Ben be quick

Ben fall over the candle stick,

Ben burnie.

*

Old Lady: "Son, can you direct me to the People's Savings Bank?"

Boy: "Yessum, for a quarter."

Old Lady: "Isn't that a mighty high pay, my boy?"

Boy: "No, ma'an; not for a bank director."

*

She was giving an order to the grocer. "And I require some cheese," she said. "Yes, miss," replied the grocer, smiling amiably; "I have some lovely cheese."

"You should not say 'lovely cheese!'" said the customer severely.

"But why not, miss? It is lovely cheese!"

"Because"—she tried to combine maidenly modesty with an air of learning—"because lovely should only be used to qualify something that is alive."

The grocer's smile broadened as he glanced at the Gorgonzola.

"Well, miss," he said, "I'll stick to 'lovely'!"

Railroad Agent: "Here's another farmer who is suing us on account of cows."

Official: "One of our trains has killed them, I suppose?"

Agent: "No, he claims our trains go so slow that the passengers lean out the windows and milk his cows as they go by."

*

Jemima who for the last fifteen minutes had been yelling from the barn for help in a task that was beyond her strength, stormed into the cabin.

"Ida Belle, whut you-all doin' when I called for help?"

"Settin' de bread for tomorrow, Mammy."

"And you, Josie Mae?"

"Settin' de mouse trap to catch dat rat."

"You, Sadie Pearl?"

"Settin' de clock dat jes' stopped."

"And you, ol' man; what you-all doin'?"

"Settin' still on de door-step."

*

"And now," urged the doctor, "eat lots of fruit. And also eat the skins, for they possess all the virtues and vitamins."

"Yes, doctor, but my favorite fruit is cocoaut."

*

Tourist to farmer: "Been living here all your life?"

Farmer to tourist: "Not yit."

*

Lucile: "There goes Laura Johnson. I wish I were only half as good looking as she is."

George: "Oh, but you are."

*

"Alexander, whut you-all doin' dar?"

"Ah's makin' a sign, Eliza, fo' to pin on yo' broad back."

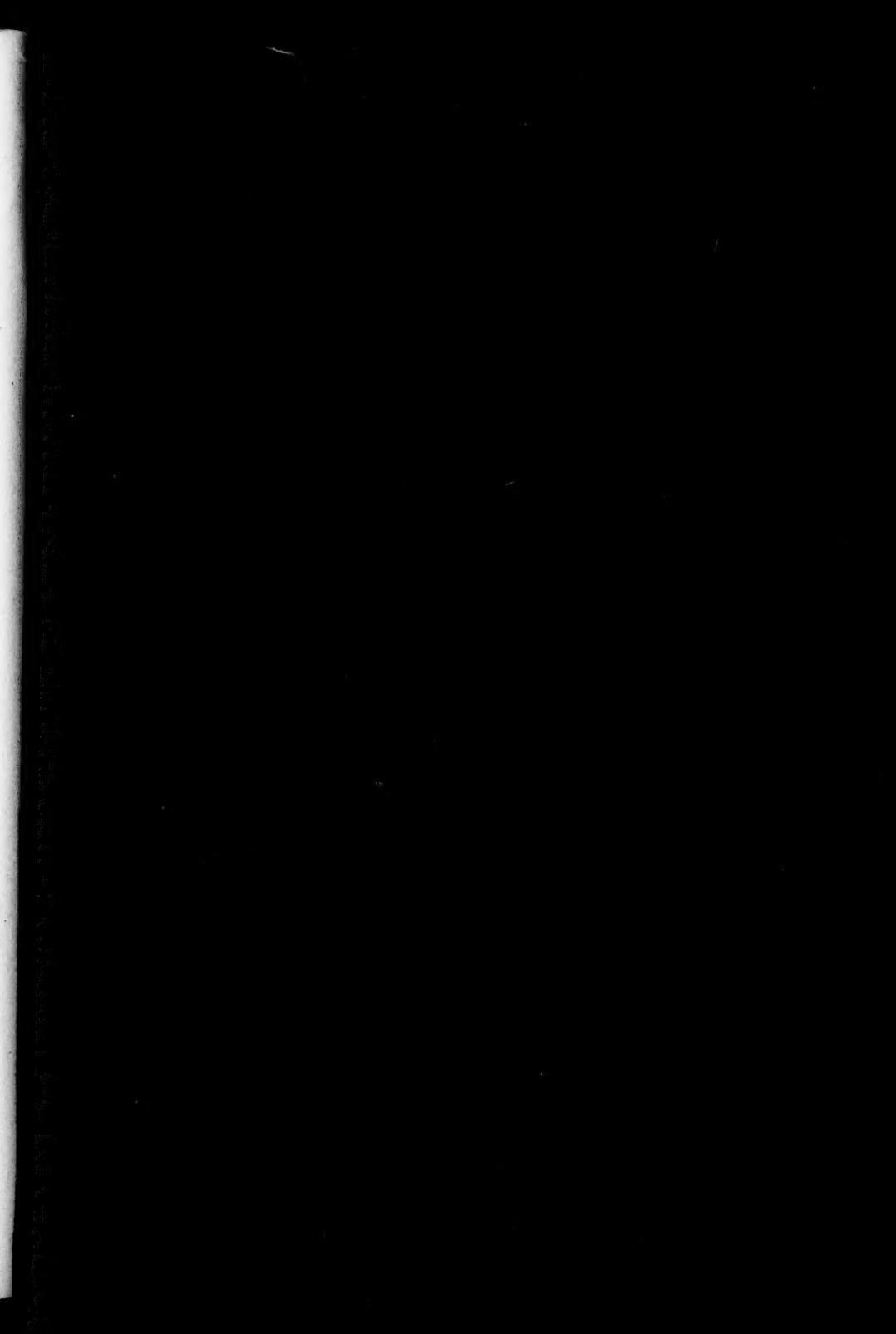
"A sign? Whut do dat sign say?"

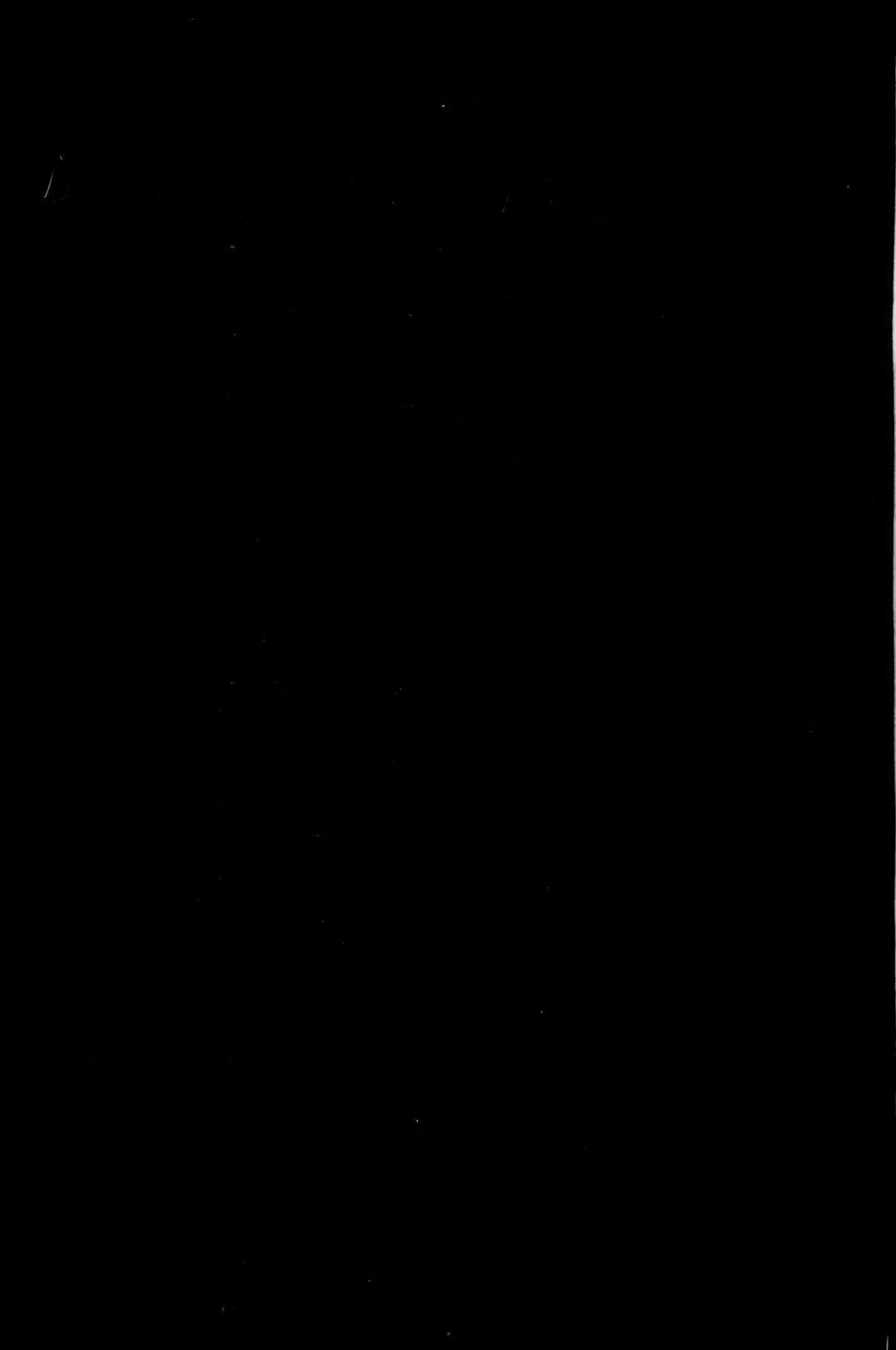
"Broadened at de expense ob Alexander Brown!"

*

Old Man (to Reporter): "Young man, you can put it in your paper that my secret of health and long life is to eat some garlic every day."

Reporter: "Why do you refer to it as a secret?"





Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and the daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

Married Ladies' Burse, St. Louis (Rock Church)	\$2,711.52
Sodality Member	2.00
Ven. Bishop Neumann Burse.....	4,530.00
F. W. R.....	10.00
Sacred Heart Promoters' Burse.....	4,438.57
League Promoters of the Rock Church....	29.00
St. Joseph's Burse	1,711.00
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Little Flower Burse	2,979.50
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Mary Gockel Burse	12.00
Rev. Nicholas Franzen, C.Ss.R., Memorial Burse.....	1,107.73
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	845.94
Child of Mary	5.00
St. Alphonsus Burse	100.00
Holy Redeemer Burse	500.00

Contributions may be sent to:

VERY REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,
Box A,
Oconomowoc, Wis.

Motion Picture Guide

The following pictures are approved for family audiences:

Arizonian	The Girl Who Came Back	Oil for the Lamps of China
Air Hawks	Gun Fire	Once In a Blue Moon
Alias Mary Dow	Hard Rock Harrington	One New York Night
Alibi Ike	Harmony Lane	One Night of Love
Alice Adams	The Healer	Our Little Girl
Annapolis Farewell	Here is My Heart	Outlaw Deputies
Atlantic Adventurer	Hold 'Em Yale	Outlaw Refugees
Baby Face Harrington	Honeymoon Limited	Page Miss Glory
Bonnie Scotland	Hoosier Schoolmaster	Paradise Canyon
Born to Fight	Hop Along Cassidy	Party Wire
Bright Light	Hot Tip	Pursuit
Broadway Gondolier	Hurrah For Love	Red Blood of Courage
Call of the Wild	I'll Love You Always	Rip Roaring Riley
Calling all Cars	In Old Kentucky	Ruggles of Red Gap
Calm Yourself	In Spite of Danger	Saddle Aces
Captain Hurricane	The Irish in Us	Sanders of the River
Carnival	Justice of the Range	Secret of Chinatown
The Casino Murder Case	Laddie	Sequoia
Charlie Chan in Egypt	Ladies Crave Excitement	She Gets Her Man
Charlie Chan in Paris	Lady Tubbs	A Shot in the Dark
Chasing Yesterday	Law Beyond the Range	Silk Hat Kid
Cheers of the Crowd	Les Miserables	Spring Tonic
Chinatown Squad	Life Begins at 40	Steamboat Round the Bend
Clive of India	Lily of Killarney	Strangers All
Code of the Mountain	The Little Colonel	Swell Head
College Scandal	Love in Bloom	Sweepstake Annie
The County Chairman	Love Me Forever	Symphony of Living
Crimson Trail	The Man From Gun Town	The 39 Steps
Crusaders	The Man on the Flying Trapeze	Trails of the Wild
Curly Top	Mary Jane's Pa	Traveling Saleslady
Death From a Distance	McFadden's Flats	Uncivil Warriors
Dinky	Men of the Hour	Under the Pampas Moon
Doubting Thomas	Men Without Names	The Unknown Woman
Eight Bells	Millionaire Cowboy	Unwanted Stranger
Every Night at Eight	Mr. Dynamite	Vanishing Riders.
Farmer Takes a Wife	Murder in the Fleet	Warfare
Fighting Pilot	Naughty Marietta	Westward Ho!
Front Page Woman	The Night Is Young	What Price Crime
The Ghost Walks	Old Man Rhythm	